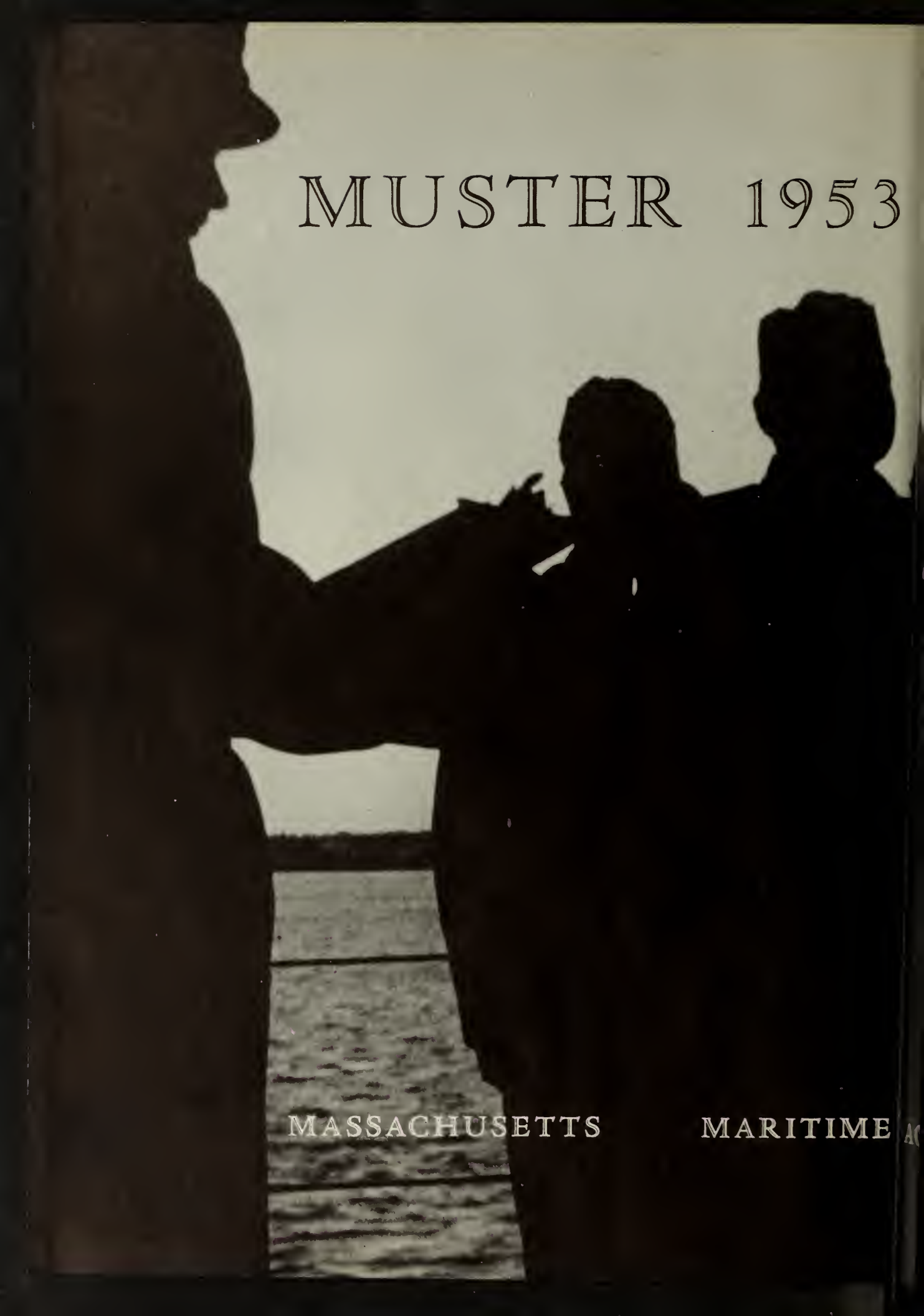
MUSTER

CHARLESTON


MUSTER 1953
MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME

ACADEMY

BUZZARDS BAY

DEDICATION

For many years past, it has been the custom of each graduating class to honor an outstanding member of the faculty by dedicating their yearbook to him. This year we are departing from this tradition in order to display our appreciation of the efforts by a distinguished alumnus to further the aims of the Academy and its graduates.

We dedicate this 1953 MUSTER to Captain Thomas E. Burke, a graduate of the Nautical School with the Class of 1939, in recognition of his unselfish contributions towards the welfare of the Academy and its graduates, both through his activity in the Massachusetts Maritime Academy Alumni Association, and through his own individual efforts.

Captain Burke has carried on this activity for several years, often subordinating his own personal interests in favor of those of the Academy.

It is a source of great pride to each of us to realize that, with our graduation from this Academy, we join the ranks of the men like Captain Burke who have preceded us.

A NOTE OF APPRECIATION

This year, 1953, marks the passing of Lieutenant Commander Richard P. Hodsdon from the Academy scene. His retirement at the close of our last cruise was met with our deepest regret, since we realized that his departure would leave a vacancy at the Academy which could never be filled by any other person. It is not in the classroom that the vacancy will persist, but in the hearts of the midshipmen themselves. Mr. Hodsdon will occupy a place among us wherever we may go, for the knowledge which he has imparted to us cannot be found in any text-book, nor can it be forgotten with the passage of time.

We of the Class of 1953 wish to extend to Mr. Hodsdon our most sincere congratulations on his completion of a long and successful career in education, and to thank him for his patience and understanding both in the classroom and on board the Charleston during our too-brief association with him. We will always be grateful for the opportunity to have served under him.

The Class of 1953

— HISTORY OF THE ACADEMY —

In 1891, the Massachusetts Nautical School, forerunner of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy, was established. At that time, the bark "Enterprise" served as the training ship for young men aspiring to follow the sea. Many of these men have gone on to become leaders in the maritime field.

A new training ship, the barkentine "RANGER", was acquired from the U. S. Navy in 1909. This vessel, later renamed the "NANTUCKET", carried the cadets of the Massachusetts Nautical School to the four corners of the world as good will ambassadors of their country.

After World War I, the Nautical School began to find itself getting behind the times, but the proud "Nancy", as she was called, continued to traverse the oceans of the world for two more decades, despite numerous attempts to abolish the school during the depression.

But once again as the dark clouds of war began to gather, Massachusetts was called upon to supply the sea with the men who make our Merchant Marine and Navy the greatest in the world. To keep pace with this ever increasing demand, the buildings and facilities of the shore base was established. The course was necessarily shortened, and every eighteen months a new group of young officers took their places in the U. S. Merchant Marine as graduates of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

At the end of the war, the course was lengthened to three years, and additional subjects were introduced so that the graduates could take with them a college degree, in addition to their Naval Reserve commissions and Merchant Marine licenses.

In 1948 the gunboat "CHARLESTON" was acquired and, in an effort to bring ship and school closer together, the Academy was moved to the State Pier in Buzzards Bay where the ship could be berthed. Shore facilities were improved, but whether this will become a permanent base or not is something that time alone will determine.

Whatever the future holds for our Academy, it is the sincere belief of every young man who has had the good fortune to be one of her graduates that she will continue to uphold the traditions of the state of Massachusetts by producing many of the finest seafarers in the world.

EDITORIAL

Now that we have nearly attained the goal for which we have been striving these past three years, we find that, as a whole, we have changed in many ways. We are leaving the Academy as men. We entered as boys. We are no longer schoolboys with responsibilities only to our studies, we are men going out into the world not only with a responsibility to ourselves, but with an even greater responsibility to the Academy than we ever felt during our years here. We are graduates of Massachusetts Maritime Academy, and as such, we have an inescapable duty to perform.

There are many men who are satisfied to continually criticize and tear down, while never offering a substantial suggestion to improve. Let us not be classed as such. Certainly, we have criticized harshly many aspects of our life at the Academy, but now that we are to be public representatives of the Academy, let us go out and uphold the proud reputation which has been earned for the Academy by the many who have gone before. It is as much our Academy as it is theirs, and we can look back with pride upon our heritage.

Our instructors and officers have done all in their power to make men of us, quite often to our momentary displeasure, but nevertheless, they have succeeded. The factors which have entered into our education have been many and diverse, some of which we will never be aware of, and some of which we are only too aware. We have been fortunate to have experienced this training. The Academy has helped each of us, now it becomes fitting for us to help the Academy, and we will do so by word, action, and example.

THE EDITORS

ADMINISTRATION

SUPERINTENDENT

REAR ADMIRAL JULIAN D. WILSON USN (RETIRED)

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Department of Education

Massachusetts Maritime Academy

Buzzards Bay

From: The Superintendent

To: The Class of 1953.

Subj: Congratulations and best wishes.

1. It is with sincere regret and pride that I observe you about to leave our school and our ship to take up your places in the world.

2. Your life here has imposed many restrictions on your liberties, and demands on your efforts. They were designed to prepare you for the sacrifices and the efforts you will be called upon to make as officers in the Merchant Marine and Navy.

3. Having known you all during your time here, I find it easy to temper my feelings at your leaving with a pride in your promise of a bright future, one of devoted service to our country and to the sea. Your actions, your thoughts, and your efforts can be a tremendous influence in helping to mould the kind of world for which we are fighting. Be tolerant, be fair, and keep your sense of humor and balance. I am confident you have what it takes.

4. Therefore I congratulate you on your graduation and wish you good fortune and God speed.

Respectfully,

Julian D. Wilson

Julian D. Wilson
Rear Admiral, USN (Retired)

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Lieutenant
CHARLES L. JAILLET, MMA

Lieutenant (jg)
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MASS

Stewart, E. H., Seaman

Currie, J. W., Mach.
MacLeod, A. E., Fireman

Hamby, F., Chief G.M.
Carew, Chief G.M.

SHIP'S COMPANY

Raymond, C. L., Seaman Selfe, B. W., Carp.
Tribou, A. N., Seaman

Fitzgerald, J. F., Cook
Zarate, H. F., Cook

Custer, G. L., Mach.

Raymond, R. V., Seaman

Avencena, M., Cook

Tonello, M., Elec.

Hedin, E. B., Ships Clerk

Sanford, S. B., Chief M.A.

McPherson, R. A., Mach.

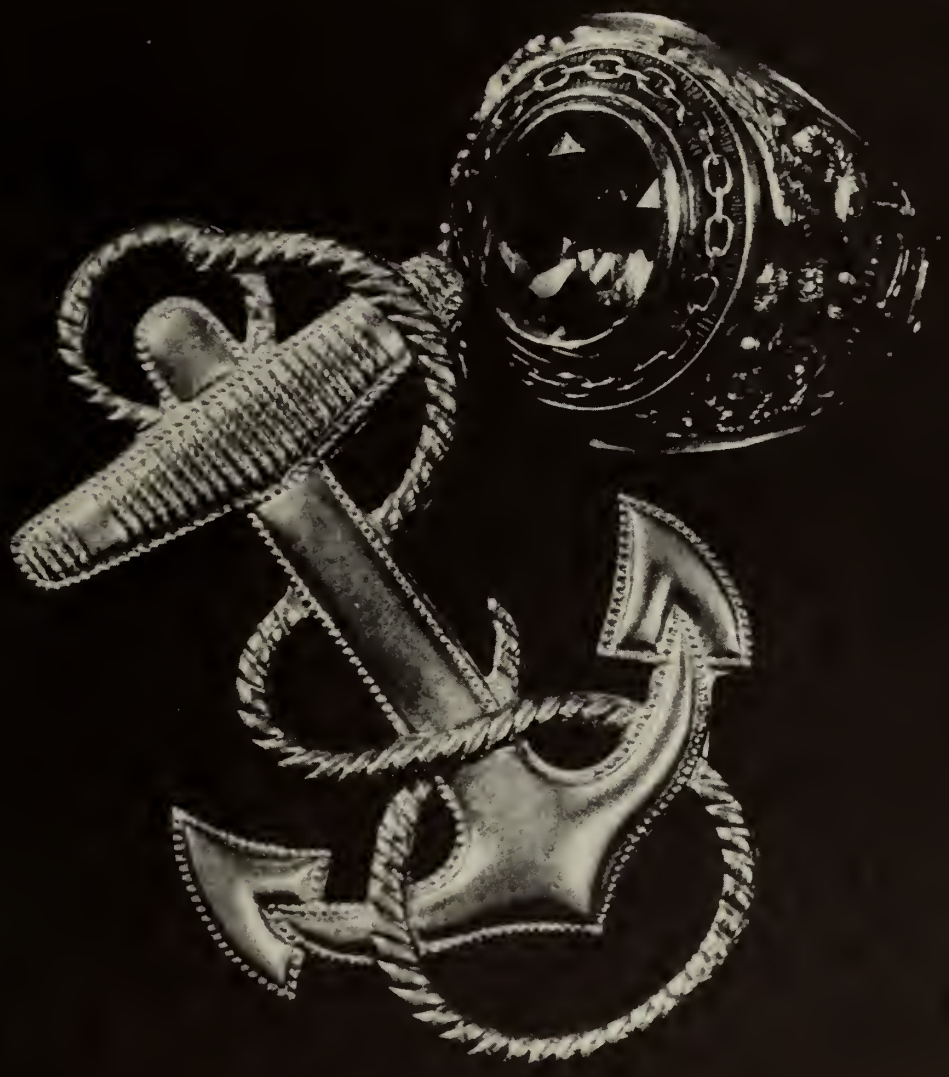
Brown, W. F., Chief Yeoman

Cahill, C., Storekeeper

Coffee Time

Tassinari, A. P., Pharm.

THE CLASS



COMPANY COMMANDER

It took us a long time to get used to the sight of "Frankie" walking around the ship . . . he seemed to have a portable hole of some sort to stand in wherever he went! "Little Lou" has had a lot of difficulty trying to get a drink out of the Charleston's man-sized scuttlebutts, but he has had very little trouble at all demonstrating the old adage that "good things come in small packages"!! Small in stature, Frank is awfully tall in greatness. His leadership on the gridiron as Captain of the team, and at the Academy as our Company Commander have left no feeling in our hearts save that of admiration for him. His fair attitude toward all, his devotion to duty, and his loyalty to those who command it, have stamped him in our minds as a man worthy of all that may come to him in future years.

A heartfelt "good luck and Godspeed" to you Frank. We consider ourselves fortunate to have been your friends and classmates.

HENRY FRANCIS BOYLE

44 Bartlett St., No. Weymouth, Mass.

Company Commander, Varsity Football, (co-captain), Varsity Baseball (captain), Basketball, Propellor Club, Glee Club.

COMPANY ADJUTANT

Once again Western Mass. claims the golden laurels as one of her true sons leaves his mark upon the ivy-covered walls of M.M.A. "Bernie", as top engineering midshipman, efficiently and pleasantly led us through our final year at the Bay with memories naught but gay. "If Jim doesn't know, ask the "Great White Father". We all admiringly give praise to the sparkling qualities of leadership that enabled him to carry on diligently in the face of unsurmountable odds — namely, "that nest of engineers". It is not a daring risk to predict that this boy has a very bright future in the offing!

BERNARD AMERIGO COCCHI
144 Pease Rd., E. Longmeadow, Mass.
Company Adjutant, Intramural Basketball, Softball, Glee Club.

Bombing down to Buzzards Bay in his high powered Chrysler, Aronbeak from Winthrop Creek was destined to become the uncrowned dealer of M.M.A. Tipping the scales around 210, the "Bloop" soon exhibited his weight lifting prowess on our 0-1 forward and came through with his letter on the gridiron. Arnie's maneuverability on the dance floor soon taught the fast stepping mambo queens in British Guiana a new twist, but in spite of his dash and dexterity with the calypso strains, Arnie's greatest accomplishments have been recorded in the dining room. Arnie's carefully plotted deals for the week were always calculated one step ahead of "City Hall" and his nightly sorties with Winthrop hospitality will not be forgotten. This boy's versatility has enabled him to conquer any problem, for life will hold no mysteries for Arnie.

ARNOLD ARONSON

79 Terrace Ave., Winthrop, Mass.

Varsity Football, Shuffboard Team, Glee Club.

"MONK", partner of the Monk and Mole Publishin Company, and feature writer on the staff of the "Daily Suction", has been a joy to many a worried Middy with his ever present remark, "It's the breaks!" No one will ever forget his sorties in the "Gorge", nor his overhead collection of Marilyn Monroe pictures. To this very day he claims that he was one of the twenty-odd men sleeping in the crows-nest that eventful summer night.

RICHARD LOUIS BALBONI
193 Main St., Kingston, Mass.
MUSTER Staff, Glee Club, Football First Committee.

Sharon's gift to the Maritime service, "Pinky" came to us with a salty background from having served as a mate on the famed "Nanny boats". The "Pink tree toad" will be long remembered for his mast climbing exhibitions and his exceptional seamanship skills. Nor will we forget his antics with "Moosecall" in their attempt to monopolize the Buzzard's Bay fishing industry. We doubt if First Division could have survived so successfully without "Red's" efforts with a paint brush.

ARNOLD DeFORREST BARTON JR.

120 No. Main St., Sharon, Mass.

Propellor Club President, Drill Squad Assistant Drillmaster, Intramural Softball, Glee Club.

"Jack, The Lady Killer", will always live on the past fame which he so truthfully won in that little town south of the border. It was really a pity that he couldn't speak Spanish as well as Bobby May could, or maybe he would have done more than wish that he had cracked that Spanish book a little more. Well, Jack, we live and learn! Don't let it ever be said that "Cartoon doesn't carry his part of the load, because when he and "Pop" were liberty-bound, only was their stability questioned, and never their carrying capacity! Yes, when the old crew finally drifts apart, we shall all not only remember Jack's stories, but also the fact that there was an increase in the sale of salt each time he told one.

JOHN JAMES CARTON

11 Vernon St., Plymouth, Mass.

Class Executive Committee, Class Ring Committee, MUSTER Business Manager, Glee Club.

"Wally", the "Cape Cod Continental" is, in his own words, "The coolest operator in the troops". When one thinks of that prevailing wind that accompanied us at Buzzards Gulch, one almost automatically thinks of the near hurricane that the "Wop" was responsible for up in the "Bird's Nest." Regardless of what the mast records say, he was not really a bad boy. It was just that he never grew out of the habit of eating between meals. We are all quite sure that if another movie is made about his idol, "Wally" will have the lead as Rudolph Valentino.

WALTER ALFRED CORSANO JR.
109 Summer St., Stoneham, Mass.
Propellor Club, Glee Club, Football First Commitee.

Out of the tropical heat wave, bopping along to that mad Calypso beat, came "Kestysuede" — that fast fashion platter and style pacer. A very distinct and colorful addition to the Port watch, "Kesty" and "Myron" usually managed to make the most out of their summer college days on frolicsome Cape Cod. Lt. Page's fatherly guidance enabled Joe to appreciate life aboard a naval vessel to its ultimate. "Daddy" Sanford, too, never failed to remind this lad about the various evils and pitfalls to be encountered when one fails to recognize the hauntingly sweet echoings of reveille. A smart boy in the classroom and a good engineer, your friend and mine — "JoeY Boy!"

JOSEPH WILLIAM CUNNIFF
3123 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
Shuffleboard Team, Glee Club.

"Mole", the shorter member, and co-owner of the Monk and Mole Publishing Co., made himself noticeable by his knowledge of seamanship and his ability to grease the steering engine. The only Armenian to ever live in the "Gorge", "Didge" contributes much to the nightly sessions of dirty hours and the straightening out of the young deals. As a rate, "Mole" is used to hearing, "Let's take a muster, fellas; let's take a muster, fellas."

JAMES JOSEPH DAGDIGIAN

82 Hopkins St., Reading, Mass.

Class Vice-President, Cadet Ensign, Dance Committee (co-chairman), Varsity Football, Intramural Softball, Golf Team, Glee Club, Football First Committee.

"Barry" was forced into the "raggedy watch" against his better judgement, but soon found that they weren't so bad, after all. One of the more verbose members of the "gorge", the "Tattooed Wonder" and his buddy Dick amazed one and all by their ability to remain awake far into the night. Many a night the entire membership of the "gorge" lost sleep listening to Barry expound his theories on theology, marriage, and life in general. It was Barry's rubbery left arm that kept the Mariners hopes high during the past three years and which did a great job helping us into first place during our last season at the Academy. His fascination for knives of all kinds kept us in constant fear that he would accidentally amputate his own, beautiful, protruding proboscis.

BARRY EUGENE DENNIS

Park St., East, No. Reading, Mass.

Cadet Ensign, Second Platoon Guide, Varsity Baseball, Intramural Basketball, Golf Team, Glee Club.

As a result of the many heated discussions as to just who was the smallest man in our class, we've decided, almost unanimously, that "Little Joe" takes first place hands down. Dimunitive but far from insignificant, the "Father of Five" will most be remembered for the distinctive French influence in his speech upon return from any liberty party. The bountiful repasts served on the Charleston's mess deck about five-thirty each day failed to satisfy his unique gastronomical tastes, so "Joe" entered into a memorable partnership with the "Scuttlebum" and became co-owner of the "Greasy Spoon Delicatessen" with facilities located in the Engine Room.

Although he can usually be located anytime after 1330 by diligent search of the cozier bunks in the Engineers Compartment, "Joe" is, nevertheless, one of the better engineers and can be counted upon to come up with the right answers at the right times. ("WIDDA' WOODEN WEDGE"!!!)

PAUL SHERMAN DIONNE
749 Middlesex St., Lowell, Mass.
Intramural Softball, Football, Glee Club.

Enter "Dinny", of the wrinkled, crinkled, burnt, glowing Brow-ow-ow! "Timmy's" distinctive complexion and his noted "I mean — aah" have been the source of many a chuckle during our long association. Another of those Western Massachusetts rates, "Eddie" has had his eye on a Naval career for many months. Ideal billet for this lad would be in CIC with frequent trips to Washington. Often referred to as "the Funnel" because of the manner in which all information seems to pass through him before reaching the rest of us. He could always be counted on to have the answer to our queries as to just who had the duty three months hence. If we had the space, we'd have "Van" testify on the "Glowbrow's" shoeshining ability.
An earnest and ambitious lad, "Eddie" is destined for big things.

EDWARD PATRICK DONOGHUE
161 Westfield Rd., Holyoke, Mass.
Cadet Ensign, Third Platoon Guide, Class Executive Committee, Intramural Softball, Glee Club.

It is difficult to get "Smiling Jack", our own Peck's Bad Boy, downhearted. His motto has been, "Into each life some rain must fall", but it seemed more like a torrential downpour to we innocent bystanders! Our future thoughts of our three years under the seaweed covered halls of old MMA will be enriched by memories of the continental lover, St. Gerdonovan, and his feat of endurance on far-off Spanish shores. "Delmar's" future is unpredictable, but due to the extra study time granted him during his "Three Years Before the Mast", we are confident that he is assured of success among more understanding company.

JOHN EDWIN DONOVAN

7 Johnson Ave., Winthrop, Mass.

Band, MUSTER staff, Intramural Softball, Football, Shuffleboard Team, Glee Club.

When it comes to going out at night, all "Dick" needs is a dime and he's made. His nicknames have ranged from ribald "Karl Schmidt" to sophisticated "Bloob". A member of the infamous Watch 1, Dick's favorite expression is, "Let's go Merchy". Up until 1952, Dick's interests were ranged far and wide, but during the summer they seemed to pinpoint on Rocky Nook. What's the attraction Dick?

RICHARD MOSHER DOTEN

50 Prince St., Needham, Mass.

MUSTER Art Editor, Intramural Softball, Football First Committee, Propellor Club, Glee Club.

From out of the wilds of Taunton, noted for the developing of true leaders, came "Doll", amid a fanfare of slightly off-key bugle notes. Many of us will long remember the nocturnal games of "hide-and-seek" played by "Precious" and "Uncle Jim", and our joy at finding that "Dick" had won, despite a few close calls. Since he is one of the better-looking members of our class, in his own cute little way, "Dreggie" did not surprise us at all by his excellent choice of female companionship at our many functions.

An efficient lad, particularly in the performance of his duties as a "rate", Dick took it upon himself early in our first-class year to organize and direct a real, honest-to-goodness drill squad at the Academy, with the able assistance of the "pink tree toad". To them goes the admiration of all of us for the wonders that they worked with their small group.

"Navy Blue and Gold" will be his next musical overture, and we all expect that the lad will make a permanent mark for himself in the Fleet.

RICHARD THOMAS DREGHORN

Main St., Dighton, Mass.

Cadet Ensign, Drill Squad Drill Master, Bugler, Band, Intramural Softball, Basketball, Golf Team, Glee Club.

Joe is the classic example of sharp, quick wit who has, these last three years, instilled within our class a comfortable taste for his appropriately timed humorisms and remarks in and out of the classroom. The Port Aisle readily claimed this popular lad for their very own, much to the chagrin of the Starboard factor. Whenever Music Appreciation Week rolls by, we would inevitably find Joe strumming out the sentimental strains of "The Big Red Wheel", or a nostalgic, heart-warming tribute to a gal named Lulu with his talented guitar. An amazing vocabulary and intelligent understanding of same make "Samud" master of any situation he chooses to grace his presence with. We all confidently predict a successful post-college career for this Western Massachusetts sea lawyer!

JOSEPH GEORGE DUMAS
Main St., Somers, Conn.
MUSTER staff, Intramural Basketball, Glee Club.

"Harry is our leader; we will never fear". At the end of our youngie year "Gyro" picked up his mattress and all his belongings and moved back to the Engineer's compartment with his new classmates — the second class snipes. Despite his one year handicap "Waino" had little trouble in picking up the engineering we had learned as youngies, and was soon qualified to stand a fireman's watch. Through the remainder of the year "Harry" continued learning his engineering and did such a fine job that he was rewarded with "Mother" Hendy's former position as Cadet Lieutenant in charge of that famous and notorious "Raggedy Watch Four". We are quite sure that Harry will continue to roll in the fine fashion that he has done while at M.M.A.

HAROLD WAINO FINK

65 King St., Westfield, Mass.

Cadet Lieutenant, First Platoon Sub-Commander, Intramural Basketball, Glee Club

Another member of the infamous Watch 1, "Dexter", along with "Sis", helps to support the band each morning in its daily struggle for survival on M.M.A.'s extensive parade grounds. "Fenwick's" musical interests do not stop at the saxophone, however. For the benefit of the troops he has built a record player which is the main attraction (with the exception of the young men) in the junior wardroom this year.

FENWICK DEXTER FULTON

Washington St., Hanover, Mass.

Band, Intramural Softball, Basketball, Propellor Club, Glee Club.

"Sir?" — One of the finest and most generous fellows in our class, "Young Bird" was nevertheless a constant source of amusement and amazement. "Who's that sleeping at a brace?" Oh, yes, it's Falmouth's Finest. Fred's numerous treasure chests, scattered about the compartment, always seemed to yield the right red tool for the job. "Stripes'" outwardly unassuming nature conceals an unending source of "Gaskellisms" which never fail to bring forth a chuckle. Anyone who ever met him, knows him to be a wonderful companion and friend.

FRED RICHARD GASKELL
RFD 1, Falmouth, Mass.
Propellor Club, Glee Club.

"Whoa, Paint! Who owns the water rights to this here spread, Pardner?" These were the first words uttered by "Tex" Gerety as he crossed the gangway of the Charleston back on September 12, 1950. We had been instructed to bring only the barest essentials with us to the Academy, and "Dave" complied by bringing those items he considered necessary — twelve volumes of Zane Grey's collected works and a toothbrush!! On most any dark night "Death's" milky-white face could be seen glowing in the dimness of the Port Aisle as he opened another can of beans in the "Yankee Kitchen." Whenever Dave wasn't horizontal, he could usually be found in the "Harrington Memorial Stadium" engaged in some form of athletics. We all hope that Dave has as easy a time riding those Esso tankers as he does with "Old Paint".

DAVID WILLIAM GERETY

13 Autumn St., Everett, Mass.

Varsity Basketball, Football, Intramural Softball, Glee Club.

Presenting . . . the great lover of Watch I, the man with the singing shears and honky-tonk trombone, the lad with that robust physique that drives women mad — Fred, The Barber! One of the more sparkling personalities in our class, when awake, Fred will always be remembered for his complacent attitude toward life and his woe-begone puzzlement over the mysteries of the fairer sex. "Hank's" valiant attempts for a rakish flare via mediums of suave sideburns and crisp mustaches were sorrowfully thwarted by the hoodlum element in the engineering division. We all sincerely acknowledge our gratitude for hospitality rendered in Fred's Tonsorial Palace. Easy going, always ready with a smile — that's our boy!

FRED FRANCIS HANKEY JR.
11 Ogden Rd., Brookline, Mass.
Band, Propellor Club, Glee Club.

"Where's my letter?" was one of the favorite cries of this Salem "Romeo", but it was nearly surpassed by his other favorite, "I'll have my Uncle Joe write that man a dirty letter!" One of the few of us who managed to keep his senses as well as his girl during the three year grind on the flagship of the Bay State Navy, "Hago" has had an offer to play professional basketball after he graduates due to the fact that he did so well when he tried out with the "Globe-Trotters" last fall.

JOSEPH DURB HARRINGTON

15 Lynde St., Salem, Mass.

Band, Intramural Basketball, Century Club President, Glee Club.

Ken, like Harry Fink, was also a "deckie" as a youngie, but finally saw the light, realized the uselessness of it all, and moved back aft into "God's Country". The deckmen's loss became the engineer's gain for Ken possessed the qualities of a leader which won him the Cadet Ensign post in Watch Four. Almost anytime when in Hyannis, "Joe College" can be seen with his white bucks, seersucker jacket, and grey flannels, speeding through town in the "Hassettmobile", a '36 Packard convertible. Although a happy-go-lucky guy, Ken could on occasion become very serious, and the football field was one of those occasions, as many an opponent will verify. We wish Ken a lot of luck at Pensacola and hope to see him get his wings.

J. KENNETH HASSETT

95 Spring St., Hyannis, Mass.

Cadet Ensign, First Platoon Guide, Varsity Football, Baseball, Manager, Intramural Basketball, Glee Club.

With feathers ruffled and tomahawk waving, the 'Bogger Brave' came paddling up the canal back in 1950 to tell us about the spy problem in Sweden during World War II. John usually divides his time between Shorts, The Barn, Cape Cod beach parties, and M.M.A. His time at M.M.A. has been well spent, though, because after years of intensive study he finally attained the position of Chief.

JOHN EDWARD HATHORNE JR.

So. Orleans, Cape Cod, Mass.

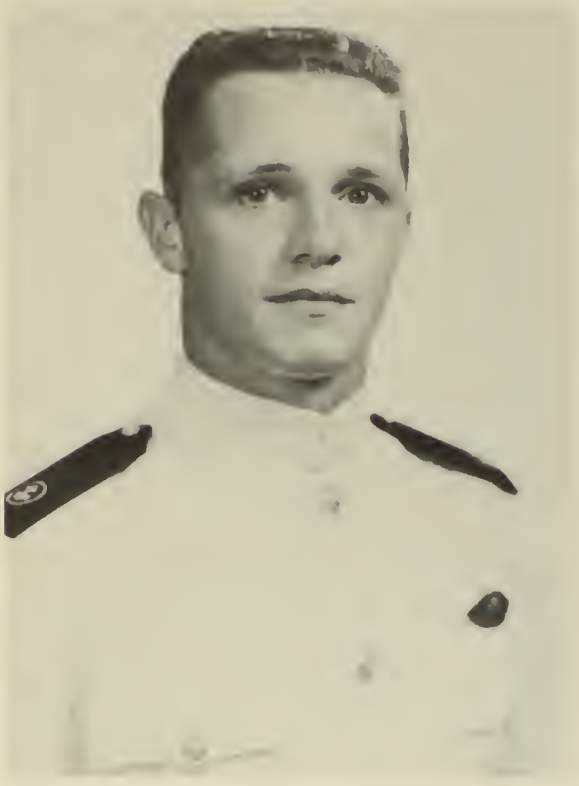
Cadet Chief Petty Officer, Color Guard, Intramural Softball, Glee Club.

Across the frozen Steppes of Russia came "Leo, the Crushin' Russian" to bless the hallowed halls of our beloved MMA with strong back and warm heart. The strong, silent type, "Leo" struck terror into the heart of any poor classmate unfortunate enough to be on the wrong end of the cry "Bend him, Leo!!" One of the more stalwart members of Watch Three, he could be counted on to provide the "lunch" for those long night watches and to give a good account of himself on the gridiron. A member of the famous Harrington clan, he contributed much to our Engineer Intramural Basketball and Softball teams. Leo's varied interests led him from the Brickyard to Maryland, via Cape Cod, Salem, New York, and Garden City in search of a suitable playmate. His abstinence from the "vile weed" and "giggle water" have won for him our admiration and we all know that wherever he may roam his pleasant and cooperative attitude toward others will always stand him in good stead. "Are ya happy, Leo??"

LEO JACOBS

21 Lakeview Ave., Lynn, Mass.

Varsity Football, Intramural Softball, Basketball, Glee Club.



"Moosecall" came to us after slogging his weary way for three days through the cranberry-infested jungles of "Boggerville". Dick was certain that he'd be allowed to keep his trusty rifle under his pillow, but managed to console himself with his memories when this simple pleasure was denied him. A fearless hunter, he has at least one half-drowned raccoon to his credit during his stay at Sing Sing-on-the-Cape.

Alaska seems to hold a strong attraction for Dick, and it is our earnest opinion that he'll end his days married to an Eskimo and chasing wild geese.

ALFRED RICHARD KENYON JR.

Standish Way, W. Yarmouth, Mass.

Band, Ring Committee, Intramural Softball, Intramural Basketball, Glee Club.

"Choo-Choo's" magnetic, light tan personality has carried him far during these three years among the downtrodden, as has his outstanding abilities on the gridiron. As co-captain of the 1952 Mariners, Jim scored many points, both on and off the field. Personal pride was the reason for his spic-and-span appearance in any uniform, be it dungarees or Service Dress Blues. We first noticed this attribute late in our second-class year but thought, mistakenly, of course, that it was due to the proximity of our forthcoming elevation to senior standing. A fine example for the new class to pattern themselves after!

Jim is one of the very few lads in our class who has managed to hang onto the same girl throughout his academy career, despite the admittedly adverse conditions prevailing during these trying times.

We are confident that everyone who encounters "Chooch" in coming years will recognize his unique talents, and accord him the treatment which he deserves.

JAMES CHURCHILL LAWLER

49 Barstow St., Salem, Mass.

Varsity Football (co-captain), Varsity Basketball, Varsity Baseball, Glee Club.

John came to us with a philosophy all his own and he has proven himself a man with the strength of his convictions. "Silentleigh" will long be remembered by his vigorous and, at times, vain attempts to restore and maintain classroom order. His never-to-be-forgotten check musters will go down in the annals of Naval History. Aside from the duties of a Section Leader, John filled the bill of Cadet Ensign for the notorious watch II engineers. John has worked hard during his Academy career and his ability to bore into a book soon brought him to the fore of the class. John's serious minded attitude and tenacity of purpose will see him through any endeavor.

JOHN HENRY LEIGH

9 Gayhead St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Cadet Ensign, Second Platoon Guidon Bearer, Glee Club.

From the first day that Jim's head was seen by all his classmates, it was only a matter of time before the name "Pop" was attached to that "cuddly little fellow." We are of the belief that he is the only person ever to attend the Cape Cod College of Nautical Knowledge who sent in his application for an old age pension while still a second-classman. His cruise deals with one "Cartoon" were foremost in his mind, and we will never forget that picture of those two holding up that lamp-post in Haiti. He'll go a long way whether aboard ship or in the air, providing he doesn't shake the rivets lose after someone tells him a joke.

JAMES REID LEIGH

9 Gayhead St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

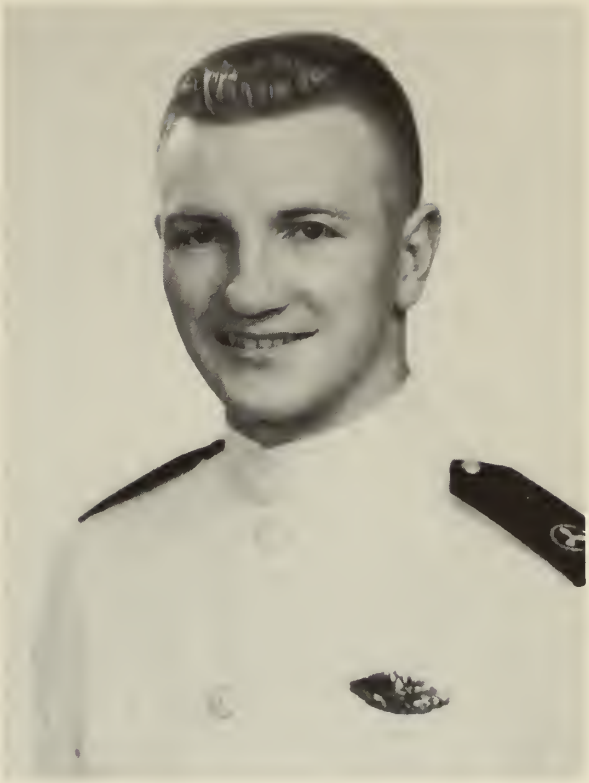
Class President, Cadet Lieutenant, Second Platoon Sub-Commander, Class Ring Committee, Intramural Softball, Glee Club.

Bong! "Where is he? Let me at him! I'll kill him!", said Punchy, as they picked him off the canvas and carried him to the dressing room. The doctor told Paul he needed a rest by the seashore with plenty of sleep and good food. After talking to Mr. Harrington who could sell a refrigerator to an Eskimo, "Victor" was convinced that M.A.A. was just what the doctor ordered. "Benoit" is a very likable fellow who makes friends rapidly, and almost any afternoon at 1330 he would be seen talking to the Captain and the Executive Officer on the starboard side of the quarterdeck. Due to his dear and long association with the Executive Officer and the commissioners, Paul has come to the decision that the Navy is not for him, and is thinking of going back to the fight games under a new ring name — "Killer La Roach", (All drag-aside). Seriously, "Bigger's" hidden talents stand out on occasion, and his vivid personality has much to do with his popularity among his shipmates.

PAUL BENOIT LESSARD

27 Ashton Ave., Dracut, Mass.

Band Drum Major, Intramural Softball, Football, Basketball, Century Club Secretary, Shuffleboard Team, Glee Club.



"Sleepy Ray" is our walking, living contribution to the search for the cure of insomnia. As president of the Horizontal Club, it was "Ray's" most profound belief that life's chief pleasure could be found in the arms of Morpheus. Ray's unexcitable nature and calm approach give him the advantage in many a situation. Few will forget Ray's daring feats of ventriloquism and his nerves of steel. Ray's knowledge of physics combined with his natural engineering abilities will insure him of a successful future in the Merchies.

RAYMOND EDWARD LEWIS
455 Stevens St., N. Andover, Mass.
Glee Club.

The Big City's pride and joy, that character with his race-track enthusiasm and poolroom philosophy — "Skip", himself! "Seven-card stud is my game, pardner, what's yours?" "The Phantom's" frequent sojourns to Bop City, Captain's Mast, and B. M. H. will not be forgotten with ease. His remarkable imagination oft times completely envelops him in his hazy, weird realm of Science Fiction. Charlie's devilish sense of humor was well appreciated by his watchmates, although they were often the subsequent victims of his quaint little brainstorms. Good luck to Skip and Co.!

CHARLES ANTHONY MAHER JR.
144-11 Sanford Ave., Flushing, L. I., N. Y.
Intramural Football, Basketball, Softball, Golf, Shuffleboard Team, Glee Club.

"Knocker", the Panamanian Adonis who claims Rockport as his home, came to us with a passion for salt water and sailing. Our three cruises together gave him an opportunity to prove his many talents. "Knock's" engineering talents gave him the insight on how to negotiate his many nightly sojourns to a certain Nurses Home in order to pursue his interests in the field of medicine.
Those who know "Knocker" best will long remember the many evenings which ended with his unique "Now look" attitude combined with his fervor for analytical discussions far into the night. "Knock's" classroom status is a credit to his natural engineering "savvy" and his favorable three-year record, in addition to his easy-going nature. There's no doubt that this boy has the where-with-all for a successful future.

NORRIS GRANT MARSTON
3 Mt. Pleasant Place, Rockport, Mass.
Band, Intramural Basketball, Propellor Club, Glee Club.

"Toss oars!" came the command, and immediately came the excuse, "This one's stuck." One of the more serious minded members of the corps., "Muscles" will ever be reminded of the joys of being an upper-job whenever he hears the name *Riley*. Bob never failed to come across with gems of information whenever they were necessary for a large number of our classmates when CIC was successful in its endeavors, but will we never forget that he could always be counted on to have a cigarette — *one*, for the break, that is.

ROBERT EDWARD MAY
36 Madison Ave., Winthrop, Mass.

"Mac's" engineering know-how and attentiveness won for him the division leadership of the Boiler Room and the respect of all his classmates. Remarkable as it seems, he has managed to work with the Ring and Dance Committees to bring about their success, has been one of the mainstays of our Yearbook, and also has maneuvered himself to a top spot in class standings. A note of appreciation goes to "Jim" from his own Watch I because of his conscientiousness and consideration of his division, as individuals. We all firmly believe that "Jim" will be able to apply his outstanding abilities in whatever future career he chooses.

JAMES FRANCIS McNULTY

198 Jackson St., Lawrence, Mass.

Cadet Lieut., Second Platoon Commander, Class Ring Committee, Dance Committee (co-chairman), Literary Editor of MUSTER, Golf Team, Propellor Club, Glee Club.

"No tickie, No laundry!" When Roy came aboard the first day he was so fascinated by the laundry that he remained there for the next three years, coming out only occasionally to draw a cup of rice on the mess deck. "Roy" is a foreign exchange student, and was unable to bring his wife Ruth with him from Hong Kong. She is now working diligently pulling rickshaws in hope of someday having enough money to rejoin him. "Chandler" will receive upon graduation an unlimited license which will allow him to do laundry on any ship of any tonnage on any navigable waters along with his degree in steam pressing and washing. Roy's personality was so strong that it has been imbedded in all our "T" shirts and Khakis.

ROY CHANDLER MOFFETT

21 Olcott St., Watertown, Mass.

Band, Class Executive Committee, Propellor Club, Glee Club.

A big boy with an even bigger disposition. Phil was one of our football stalwarts until a trick knee put him on the bench last season. "The Monster" and the "Phantom" pooled their devilish personalities these last three years and the results are mercifully omitted herein. "Just what has Wellesley's campus got that ours doesn't have, 'Moose?'" As generous as he is popular, Phil will undoubtedly not need to rattle chains to gain quick attention in the future. He is still quite unconsolable over the fact that the Merchant Marine does not have its own aviation counterpart. Whether this boy chooses Pensacola or the Merchants, we know he'll find a smooth road.

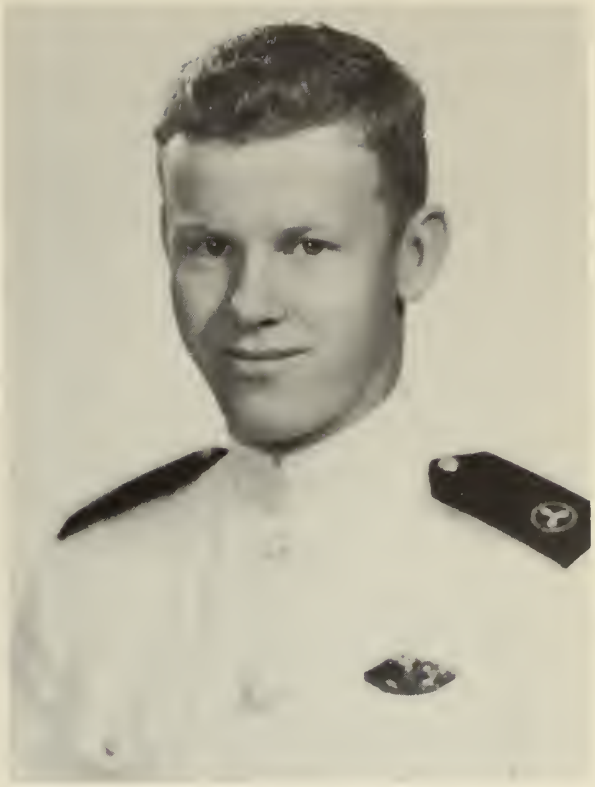
PHILIP WILLIAMS MORSE
16 Upland Rd., Wellesley, Mass.
Varsity Football, Intramural Softball, Golf, Glee Club.

It was a great day for the Irish the day that Richard Mullaney came aboard the Charleston, and hung his shamrock up in the port aisle of the Engineers Compartment. "The West" or "Horror Corner", as the aisle is sometimes called by the officers and Youngies alike, provided Dick with a bunk in which he hibernated for a year. An able man at the shuffleboard, Dick also proved his value to the class at softball and football, not to mention his ability at our numerous and frequent "tea parties". Dick will long be remembered by us for his cheerful disposition and witty remarks.

RICHARD FRANCIS MULLANEY JR.

117 Metropolitan Ave., Roslindale, Mass.

Band, Intramural Basketball, Softball, Football, MUSTER staff, Shuffleboard Team, Glee Club.



Some would say that this lad with his continuous cherubic smile and bursting bubbles of joy is a pure paragon of virtue, and who are we to deny such? "Mike" has lent his Winthrop baseball and basketball talents to us these last three years much to our advantage. Our Carribean and Mediterranean cruises were greatly to his liking — not so, "Fran?" His nocturnal excursions to "Southie" were enlightening if not educational. To an easy going guy, we all wish an easy going life ahead!

FRANCIS IRVING MYCUE

33 Sewall Ave., Winthrop, Mass.

Varsity Basketball, Baseball, Glee Club, Shuffleboard Team.

Now if you think back to the Fall of 1950, you will remember that touching scene of "Jerrahala Huna Nehru" prodding his faithful camel along the finger pier only to part company at the end of the gangway. It proved to be a wise decision for that young man about Pakistan for immediately he gained much recognition aboard the "Chung" as the "Hindu Medicine Man"; ointment purveyor, and final consultant on Mohammedan tribal customs. John's phlegmatic nature kept him out of trouble here at M.M.A. —his good record speaks for itself. But give that man liberty and his ability with the fairer sex will inevitably create the desire, if not the necessity, for an extension of liberty. John's capabilties do not stop here, for his engineering competence makes it a sure bet that he will be a successful Marine Engineer.

JOHN GEORGE NEDDER JR.
11 Huntington Place, Brockton, Mass.
MUSTER Art Staff, Propellor Club, Glee Club.

"Of course it never rains in Hyannis!!" There he goes again! Another one of the lucky owners of the "Hyannis Factor", even though he didn't have to exercise it as have so many others in past years, "John" has proven himself to all as a lad who has much ability beneath that rough exterior. As Cadet Division Leader of the difficult Auxiliary division, John has accomplished wonders in the jungle that is the Auxiliary Engine Room. "Mother" Hendy was a novice compared to our staunch "bogger"! His change from Port to Starboard watch was trying, but it was decidedly to the advantage of the Starboard element that the switch was successfully accomplished.
A calm and competent engineer, we are confident that he will be a welcome addition to the "Banana Navy".

JOHN O'NEIL

56 Barnstable Rd., Hyannis, Mass.

Cadet Lieutenant, Third Platoon Sub-Commander, Varsity Football, Intramural Basketball, Softball, Glee Club.

Arlington's favorite son arrived at MMA with a broad grin on his face and a glowing ardor for the roll of the open sea. "Bruce" was soon to display himself as a man with many "fine points". His ability with things mechanical soon won for him the honor of becoming our movie machine operator, in full charge of our delicate projectors. Oh, those movies!! A spritely sort of fellow, we all know Bruce as a man with a worldly education, and possessed of a distinctive European flair to his manner. This we attribute to his fearless attitude while cruising the Mediterranean recently. He was most impressed by Malaga and Naples, as were many of us.

Bruce's even disposition and broad grin endeared him to all his classmates, including the leprechauns among us!!

BRUCE STANLEY PILLING

115 Oakland Ave., Arlington, Mass.

Glee Club, Propellor Club.

Again, it's a Western Massachusetts boy who made good! "George", that fugitive from a sun lamp, finally showed us that he *did* know the secret of success at M.M.A. "Randy's" pasty-complexion has been the subject of much debate during our three years together, and the final concensus is that it is caused by an overproportion of Mercury in the bloodstream resulting from too-intimate contact with that metal both during and after working hours. George began to display his unique talents early in his career at M.M.A., and, fortunately for the class, had the determination to carry his aspirations to a successful conclusion. Had it not been for Randy's talents with a movie projector, we would have remained ignorant of the dangers of shore liberty in strange ports, and had it not been for his determined leadership after taking charge of the MUSTER, we would not have had a yearbook to publish. If you are ever looking for a man to undertake a difficult assignment, call on George, he'll be only too willing to help.

GEORGE HARKLESS RANDALL JR.

1342 Bay St., Springfield 9, Mass.

Cadet Ensign, First Platoon Guidon Bearer, Editor-in-Chief MUSTER, Intramural Softball, Propellor Club, Glee Club.

And here we have the Toscanini of the MMA Symphonic Chowder and Marching Society, Local 269. "Bob" and his aggregation will forever come to our tortured minds when we hear the sound of hail on a tin roof or that of a GI can tumbling down a mountainside!

"Bob's" work with the Band was, in all seriousness, quite successful. If nothing else was accomplished, at least they managed to reach the last note of the National Anthem every morning in unison!!

Of course, "Studs" has other interests in life. An ardent "bogger", he could be heard singing the praises of that mysterious land across the Canal at almost any hour. We wonder if it really never does rain over there?? Even though the lad did come from Hyannis, we never held it against him . . . he seemed like a nice fellow, in spite of it.

ROBERT JAMES RICHARDS

108 Ocean St., Hyannis, Mass.

Cadet Chief Petty Officer, Band Master, MUSTER Photography Editor, Baseball Manager, Football First Committee, Propellor Club, Glee Club.

Back on that fateful September day, the first of a long line of big, black Buicks slid to a halt on our parade ground and disgorged little "Hap", eager to show one and all just how they do things down Salem way. It took a long while for the faint odor of fish oil to be relaced by that of Deisel oil, and in the interim "Ripper" showed his worth as an athletic manager, and became noted as "Hop's" right hand man(ager) whether he ends up as Chief Engineer of his brother's fishing fleet, or as a test driver for GM, we are confident that his big laugh and efficient manner will put him near the top.

CARLTON CONANT ROWAND

4 Beach Ave., Salem, Mass.

Football Manager, Baseball Manager, Intramural Softball, Basketball, Glee Club.

Mr. Page's little helper, Lt. J. A. Shields, came to us as a teenager from Winchester, and to this day, he has remained the youngest middie in the class. as Third Division Leader, "Hooker" has proved quite capable, except for the amount of time spent "in the doghouse". "Jack" is the constant companion of "Bobby-Jim", and between them, they can usually manage to scrape up at least one bar of soap. As a member of "the Gorge", "Hook's" most outstanding feature has been his suntan.
"Hooker's" sense of humor and occasionally serious attitude will certainly lead him down the road to success.

JOHN ANTHONY SHIELDS
79 Oak St., Winchester, Mass.
Cadet Lieutenant, Third Platoon Commander, Band, Propellor Club, Glee Club.

"Slats", affectionately known to one and all as the "Little Apple", stopped off at MMA back in 1950 for a short stay while his fishing boat was up for repairs and just couldn't tear himself away again. His keen knowledge of figures numerical and otherwise, helped him to become a standout in his handling of both celestial and other heavenly bodies. The experience which he acquired during his tour of duty here will undoubtedly serve him in good stead after graduation. His local fame as a "dealer" will probably become world reknown once he gets on "the outside".
When "Slats" goes, we know that the navigator will feel rather short-handed.

ROBERT EDWARD SLATTERY
115 Milford St., New Bedford, Mass.
Color Guard, Dance Committee, Varsity Baseball, Football, Manager, Propellor Club, Glee Club.

Eek, What a beak! Is that a nose or a hose? "Saint", Salem's lone gift to Watch Four, will long be taunted by the memory of certain individuals approaching him and inquiring if he would like a light for his *cigar*. Ronnie's membership in the Joe Hick's A. C. won him a letter for shuffleboard, and his aggressiveness on the football field proved him to be a mighty little man. "Cyrano" had an unusual interest in Spanish, and could frequently be found discussing this subject with professor Lamont who would refer him to case 1-50. Saint's most valuable contribution to us was the plaque with out names inscribed in it which stands at the head of the aisle. This plaque was awarded to "Ronnie" by the N. Y. Aggies for his outstanding performance on the football field. Last reports had Ronnie planning to go to Hollywood upon graduation to act as a double for Jimmie Durante. We'll be looking for you in the movies, Louis.

LOUIS RONALD ST. PIERRE

6 Bradford St., Salem, Mass.

Varsity Football, Intramural Softball, Basketball, Shuffleboard Team, Glee Club.

Here we have "Sudsie", the lad with the well-kept hair and the many quaint (?) expressions. Our own "master of the hackneyed cliche", Dave frequently regaled us with lurid accounts of his week-end "operations", impressing us no end with his fabulous successes. Oh, how we wished that we, too, could own a little "Green Beetle" so that we could follow in his footsteps to such a lofty position in the world of romance!!! His prowess with his shiny horn, (I'm a *professional* musician, fellas") and his ability in the classroom earned for him the post of Assistant Bandmaster in the MMA band, a position which is more unique than enviable. But, in spite of our cries of "Sudsie-lowestrate", the "Wollaston Wonder" showed us the stern stuff of which he is made by never losing his great good humor. Undoubtedly, we will long remember the sound of Dave's anguished pleas of "Hands Please!!" or "For cripe's sake", but not many of us will every forget his friendly smile, his snappy retorts, or his well-meant tips on the fairer sex.

DAVID ANDREW SUDRABIN

63 Franklin Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Cadet Petty Officer, Band Sub-Commander, Dance Committee, MUSTER staff, Propellor Club, Glee Club.

Introducing — "Kid Sully" — personality unique — that undisputed master of banter and subtlety. "Now I don't like to brag, but I'll go along with that". Sully's magnetic personality, combined with his inexhaustable supply of satire has gained him many admirers and has provided a constant menace to classroom order. "Now that's an understatement if I ever heard one." . . . . . "What do you mean, seasick? I never eat more than ½ an orange a day on the cruise". Sully made up for his seatime lethargy as soon as he got to old reliable terra firma; his crusades against melancholia were hard to keep up with. But don't let all that clowning fool you, for underneath you'll find Harry Sullivan, and it is our belief that a truer friend would be hard to find.

HAROLD JOSEPH SULLIVAN

13 Bismarck St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Band, Intramural Softball, Basketball, Golf, Shuffleboard Team, Glee Club.

After vacationing for two years at Wentworth Institute (a Prep school for MMA, it seems.) "Sully" decided that he was meant to be a Marine Engineer, and immediately took steps to join our happy throng. His seagoing career was hardly underway when he was invited to become a member of the Brighton Marine Country Club, the first of our number to be so honored.

"Menzler, J. E." will be remembered for those strange tales which he told of his Fall River associates. On our trip "across the pond", "Sully's" efforts to acquire the position of Port Aisle Storekeeper was misinterpreted by the authorities.

A good sense of humor and a high capacity for learning convinces us that "John" will not fail to accomplish his lofty aims in life.

JOHN EDWARD SULLIVAN

31 Prospect St., Fall River, Mass.

Glee Club.

"Frank" has done an outstanding job as Cadet Division Leader of First Division during our final year at the academy, and has set an excellent course for any "young man" to follow. There is little doubt that such will occur, for many of this most recent crop of recruits seem to be strongly endowed with the trait most predominant in their leader.

"Bonjie" is a man of quick and confident action, as we all discovered during that fateful week in May. He has suffered much at our sadistic hands, but, as co-author of that noted ballad, "Apron Strings", he has never been lacking in a ready supply of comforting phrases.

We know that he'll be very lonely on that tanker, but perhaps a few runs on uncharted waters will round out his education.

FRANK MITCHELL SUZAN

70 Main St., Mattapoisett, Mass.

Cadet Lieutenant, First Platoon Commander, Varsity Baseball, Football, Basketball Manager, Propellor Club, Glee Club.

The hilarity caused by "Carl's" imitation of a hula dancer on the parade ground was surpassed only by that aroused by the deviation of his nose. We've always thought of "Gus" as an intellectual, but his "faux pas" in Gibraltar gives lie to this theory. We hear that he now has the world's best racket . . . no strings attached. Despite his white "bucks" and grey flannels, we are certain that "Gus-Gus" will succeed in any chosen endeavor due to extensive store of "savoire-faire".
"Gus'" first-hand knowledge of beautiful, convertible-laden debutantes will forever live in our memories.

CARL FREDERICK SWANSON
117 Washington St., New Bedford, Mass.
MUSTER staff, Intramural Softball, Football, Basketball, Glee Club.

The Chief has long been noted for his quiet, unassuming approach while pursuing his college career, yet is always prepared with that ready smile and happy-go-lucky nature so familiar to his close friends. But for "Pudgy", Paul would certainly have worn a gold star on his sleeve this past year. Silent tribute is never-the-less given to Paul who is a good man both in the classroom and the plant. He should have no worries in years to come in making his mark.

JAMES PAUL TONER

45 Emerson St., Melrose, Mass.

Intramural Softball, Basketball, Century Club Vice-President, Propellor Club, Glee Club.

Excuse me, but did I just see a *starched* boiler shirt go by? You should see his dungarees! Personal neatness is one of "the Walyo's" minor virtues, his perserverance and steadfast pursuit of engineering perfection were the qualities which proved him the most able leader for Watch II and the man to wear the two horizontals. Sunny Sicily's gift to M.M.A. spent most of his time battling for honors and, as Cadet Division Officer for the notorious Watch II engineers, he was kept pretty busy. "Augie" has carved a fine record for himself here on the shores of Buzzards Bay and has earned himself the respect of his classmates and officers alike. But unlike "the bookworm", Augie's sense of humor and good sportmanship soon made him one of the boys. It's a sure bet that his plans for the future will materialize.

AGOSTINO JOSEPH TRAVALY

36 Falmouth Rd., West Newton, Mass.

Cadet Lieutenant, Company Lieutenant, Class Secretary, Class Executive Committee, Intramural Basketball, Glee Club.

After being hampered for two whole years as a member of Starboard Watch, "Van" managed at long last to crash into the ranks of the livelier Port Watch, to be received with open arms by his compatriots already there. A lively addition to any riotous activity of that frolicsome group, Van could always be counted upon to revive a dull get-together by his talented manipulation of any musical instrument available and the many humorous ballads in his repertoire. Van is a man who won our admiration and respect by the manner in which he took his many setbacks, and his earnest and sincere attitude toward any endeavor in which he became engaged.

JULES EDWARD VAN SCHELT JR.

424 Baker St., W. Roxbury, Mass.

Class Treasurer, Secretary Propellor Club, Band, Assistant Literary Editor MUSTER, Glee Club.

Old schooner-rigged, paragon of virtue, baldest-rate Watson is a recent but welcome addition to the "raggedy watch". He decided to honor us with his worthy presence because of a totally-unfounded rumor to the effect that Watch Four was about to "pull some deals". "Larry" had a difficult time becoming accustomed to the fast and furious pace of Port watch life, but soon commenced to heave around to become acknowledged by all as the man with the hairline most likely to recede.

He will always have fond memories of "BeeGee" and beautiful, exotic, dark-skinned Rosita who captured his heart there. Crushed at leaving "BeeGee", "Watty" pined away until we reached Vera Cruz and he met beautiful, exotic, but not so dark Olga.

Always the scientist, Larry's hair-saving theories will long be remembered by one and all. "Watty" is bound to succeed in any field he chooses to enter with all the energy he has been storing up during his three years resting here on the Cape.

LAURENCE JOSEPH WATSON

66 Ballard St., Saugus, Mass.

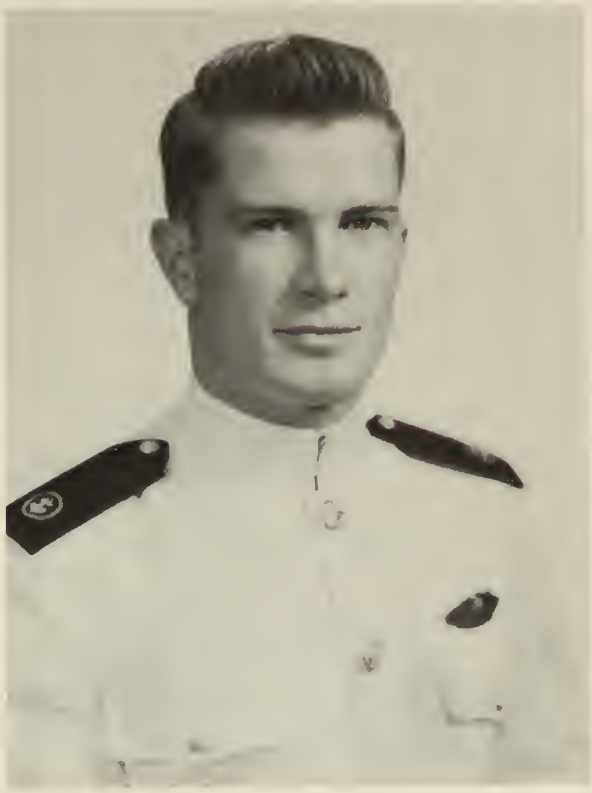
Cadet Chief Petty Officer, Color Guard, Intramural Softball, Glee Club.

One of "Bill's" attributes is the fact that he lives in the same town as our friend and advisor, 'the nice old man'. While in the academy, he distinguished himself by becoming one of the charter members of the "Gorge", an elite club, with its headquarters located in the after berthing compartment. "Bill" made a good name for himself by his frequent trippings in and out of the Academy and his many sojourns to New York.

WILLIAM W. WERNDLI

Carol St., Stoneham, Mass.

Class Executive Committee, MUSTER staff, Intramural Softball, Football, Century Club Treasurer, Propellor Club, Glee Club.



"Wick", another charter member of Watch Four, came to us from Weymouth via Admiral Bill(i)ard Academy. Our first impression of "Lamont" that wealthy, young, man-about-Weymouth, was made memorable by those famous "twin parts". We'll long remember the firm of Wickens, Wotton, and Zielinski, Sea Lawyers, and their suave and subtle ways. The "Big Three" were active again this year, but with "Kesty" moving into the vacancy created by "Ski's" departure, and CIC located at the "Harbor". "Wick's" fear of a weekend away from "Jo", was sufficient to keep his more devilish schemes suppressed.

DERRILL EDWARD WICKENS

76 Robinswood Rd., So. Weymouth, Mass.

Color Guard, Football First Committee, Glee Club.

"I Want That Man's Name Entered in the Logbook"

Thus it was that our innocuous little classmate earned his now-famous nickname, "the Scuttlebum". Ever since that black moment in his young, unlucky lifetime, "Halsie" has done his best to prove that the Chief was all wrong in his hasty opinion, but to no avail . . . he hasn't even been able to convince his classmates!! In spite of our outspoken attitude regarding his Jonah-like attributes, our "Max Black" has remained the same smiling, happy-go-lucky guy he was when he first ran afoul of us back in the Fall of 1950. The hapless 'youngies' who were unfortunate enough to cross his path within an hour after his own private reveille will testify to his sunny disposition. Though he may have been a pint-sized edition of the "hard-luck kid", Hal will long loom large in our memories as a man who knew what he wanted, and got it!! A good engineer (just try to shake him on boilers), we are confident that he'll make a name for himself after graduation. (If only he manages to lose that 'lil black cloud hanging over his head!)

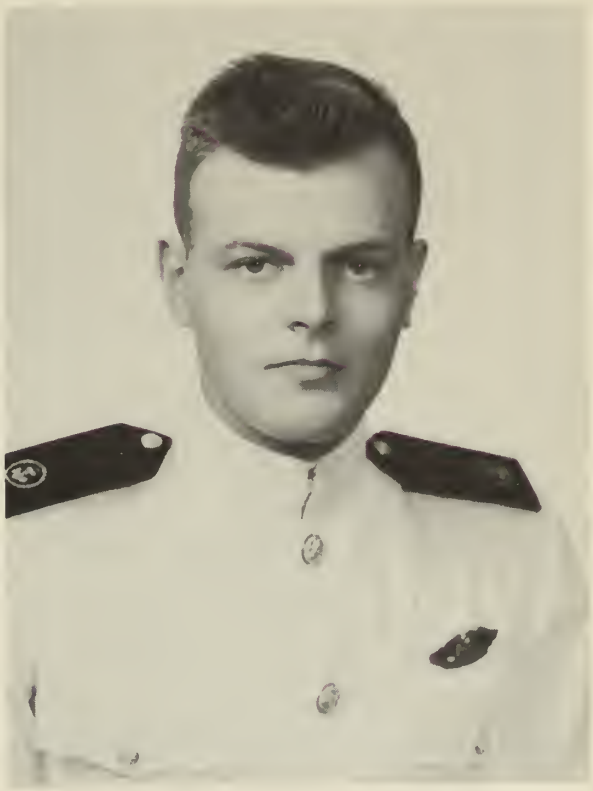
HAROLD EDWARD WIGHT

2 Vogel Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

Varsity Football, Baseball, Intramural Softball, Glee Club.

"Kip" was another one of those real "hard luck" types that seem to arrive on the MMA scene with every new class. His first view of our campus was from the air while on one of his many practice flights about the Cape . . . sort of an angel's eye view, so to speak. It looked good, so he says, but once he got his feet on the ground and joined the joyful miscreants known as the Class of '53, he received his first real taste of confinement, so very different from what he had known. Once here, though, "Ol Clutch" seemed to stick like glue . . . he seemed to be held here by some superior force!! We found out later that it was known as the "quarantine machine", but our admiration for the guy never lessened.

"Kip's" shoulders have acquired a distinct sag during his years here from carrying the ship's weighty problems on them for so long. He really stripped his clutch attempting to master Communications, but the International Code goes on, slightly bent, but still unbroken.



JAMES ARTHUR WILSON

344 Oak St., Franklin, Mass.

MUSTER staff, Intramural Football, Softball, Glee Club.

"I'll get a girl, don't worry". Old "Bob" could always be depended upon to come through with a date for one of our many social affairs, even if he were dateless the night before the big event.

One of the more popular and better-liked lads of the class, "Myron" was always ready with a smile or choice witticism suitable for any occasion. His proficiency in seamanship is directly attributable to his tutelage under one James Fettig, who took "Bob" under his wing while a tender "Youngie" and taught him *all he knew.*

"Myrie" will live in our memories as a man with a phenomenal ability of choosing young ladies of beauty, class, and distinction to match his own personality, and we will remember also his neat appearance, pleasant disposition and conscientious outlook on life. Truly, the lad is destined to go far.

ROBERT MYRON WOTTON
323 Franklin St., Quincy, Mass.
Intramural Softball, Glee Club, Shuffleboard Team.

SECOND CLASS DECK

(rear row, l. to r.) Doonan, Murphy, McKeen, Williams, Sottak, Ward, Mitchell; *(second row)* Gately, Brown, Kelley, Smith, Johnson, Preston, Urcelay; *(front row)* Ross, Fiske, Harrison, Baldwin, Chapman, Sheehy, Barry; *Not present,* Pineault, Mackintire, McLaughlin, Butler, Healy, Hurley, MacLeod.

SECOND CLASS ENGINEERS

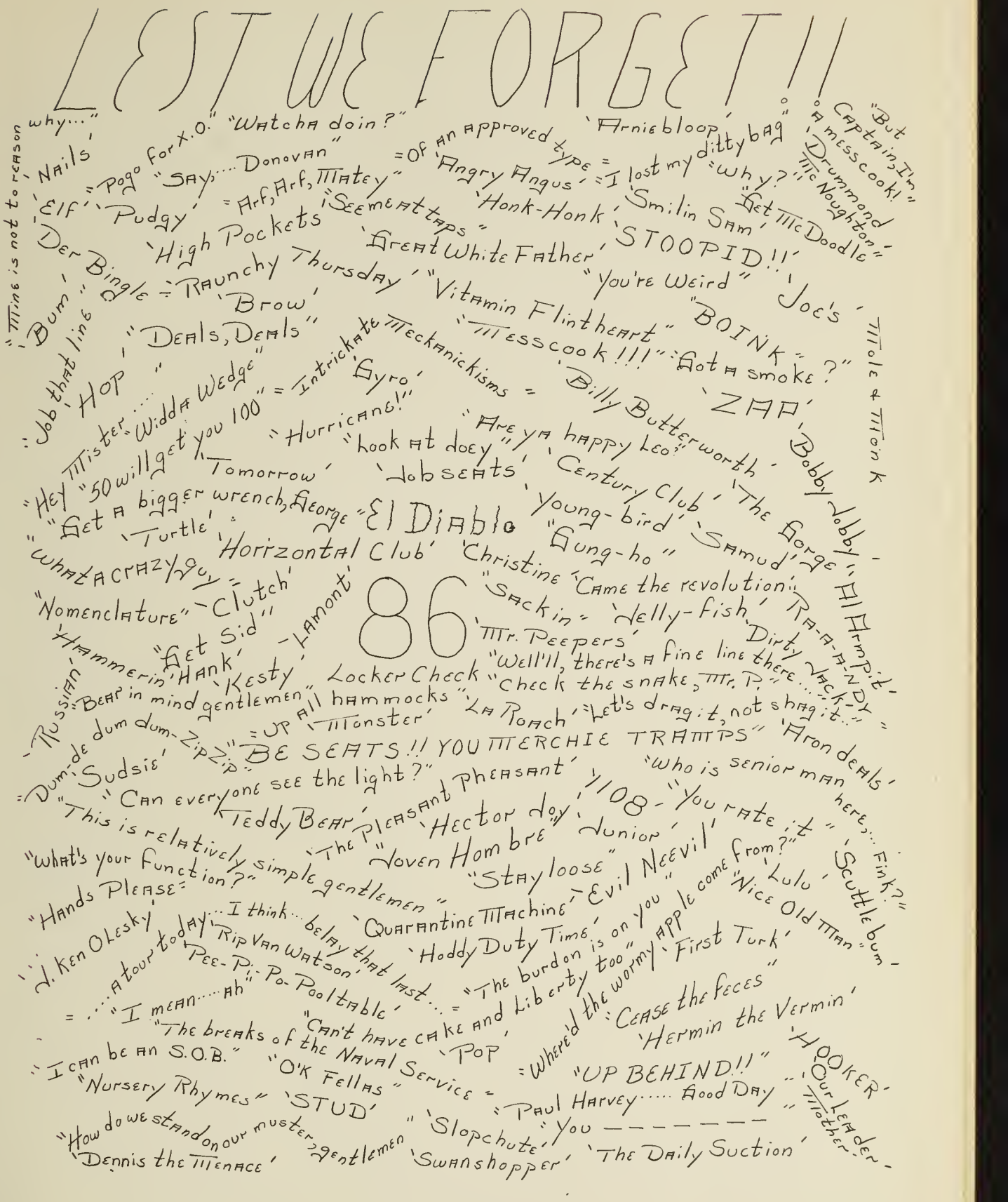
(rear row, l. to r.) Wetzell, Shephard, Hamlin, Ciaramaglia, Quinlan, McCarthy, Salley; *(second row)* Burger, McHugh, Phelan, Kelleher, Horrigan, Juodis, Sullivan, Hoekstra; *(front row)* Doucet, Hunewill, Sinclair, Collins, Scanlon, Shea, Rezendes, Ferris; *Not present,* Duke, O'Leary, Burnham, Brady, Seamans, McDonough, Dupuis, Jones.

THIRD CLASS DECK

(rear row, l. to r.) Schuffels, Berry, Riley, Smith, Callahan, Foster, Hannon, McCarthy; *(front row)* Halligan, Weinfield, MacFarlane, Arnold, Collis, Krochalis, Sterling, Hemmalin; *Not present*, Kochanowicz, Schwer, Cueroni, Sirois, Scannell, Downer.

THIRD CLASS ENGINEERS

(rear row, l. to. r.) Ojala, Marston, Green, Ford; *(third row)* Conway, Flynn, W. J. Rawson, D'Entremont, Smith, R. N., Davidson, Griffith, Quinlan, Wallace; *(second row)* Nickell, Moore, Pybas, Claxton, Panora, Smith, D. E., Thompson, Hammond, Galanis; *(front row)* Collins, Viles, Qualter, Fitzpatrick, McLaughlin, Ducharme, Pekarski, Parady, Korpela; *Not present*, Coughlin, Wermont, Flynn, D. J.


LEST WE FORGET!!
86
"Ming is not to reason why..."
"Nails"
"Elf" "Pudgy" =Arf, Arf, Mate"
"Der Bingle" =Raunchy Thursday
"Bum" "Brow"
"Job that line" "Deals, Deals"
"Hey Mister Widda Wedge" =Intricate Meckanickisms
"50 will get you 100" =Hurricane!"
"Get a bigger wrench, George" "El Diablo"
"Whata crazy guy" -Clutch"
"Nomenclature" -Lamont"
"Get Sid"
"Russian" "Hammerin' Hank" "Kesty"
"Bear in mind gentlemen"
"Dum-de dum-dum-zip-zip" =UP all hammocks
"Sudsie"
"Can everyone see the light?"
"This is relatively simple gentlemen"
"Hands Please"
"J. Ken Olesky"
"...A tour today... I think... belay that last..."
"...I mean... ah"
"I can be an S.O.B."
"Nursery Rhymes"
"How do we stand on our muster, gentlemen"
"Dennis the Menace"
"Watcha doin?"
"Pogo for X.O."
"Say..... Donovan"
"High Pockets"
"Tomorrow"
"Turtle"
"Horizontal Club"
"Hook at doey"
"Jobseats"
"Young-bird"
"Samud"
"Gung-ho"
"Christine" "Came the revolution"
"Mr. Peepers"
"Well'll, there's a fine line there..."
Locker Check "Check the snake, Mr. P."
"Monster"
"La Roach" "Let's drag it, not shag it..."
"BE SEATS!! YOU MERCHIE TRAMPS"
"Teddy Bear" "The Pleasant pheasant"
"Hector dog" "Junior"
"Joven Hombre"
"Stay loose"
"Quarantine Machine" "Evil Neevil"
"Hoddy Duty Time"
"Rip Van Watson"
"Pee-P-Po-Pool table"
"The burdon is on you"
"Can't have cake and Liberty too"
"Pop"
"The breaks of the Naval Service"
"O'K Fellas"
"STUD"
"Slopchute"
"Swanshopper"
"Where'd the wormy apple come from?"
"Cease the feces"
"Paul Harvey..... Good Day"
"UP BEHIND!!"
"you ———————"
"The Daily Suction"
"Hermin the Vermin"
"HOOKER"
"Our Leader"
"Mother"
"Who is senior man here... Fink?"
"You rate it"
"1108"
"Scuttlebum"
"Lulu"
"Nice Old Man"
"First Turk"
"Ahrnie bloop"
"Of an approved type" "I lost my dittybag"
"Angry Angus"
"Honk-Honk"
"Seemeattaps"
"Great White Father"
"Vitamin Flintheart"
"Messcook!!!" "Got a smoke?"
"Are ya happy Leo?"
"Century Club"
"ZAP"
"Billy Butterworth"
"The Gorge"
"Bobby-Nobby"
"Al Armpit"
"Ra-A-A-N-D-Y"
"Dirty Jack-Dy"
"Jelly-fish"
"Sackin"
"Let's drag it, not shag it..."
"Iron deals"
"Fink?"
"Scuttlebum"
"Nice Old Man"
"Lulu"
"Evil Neevil"
"Hoddy Duty Time"
"Rip Van Watson"
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"Hermin the Vermin"
"HOOKER"
"Our Leader"
"Mother"
"But Captain, I'm a messcook!"
"Drummond the Noughton"
"Get the Doodle"
"Joe's"
"Titole & Titoin K"
"Why?"
"Smilin Sam"
"STOOPID!!"
"You're Weird"
"BOINK"
"Bobby-Nobby"
"Al Armpit"
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CLASS HISTORY

September is regarded as the season of hurricanes along the Eastern seaboard, and the weather man did not disappoint us newcomers to the mudflats where our new home, the United States Training Ship Charleston was secured. We arrived in the midst of a howling gale, and immediately concluded that this was indeed a desolate spot for men of our caliber to spend three long years of their young lives.

But soon we discovered that the weather was not to be our only cross to bear, for there were what appeared to be a hundred screaming maniacs awaiting our arrival, eager to introduce us quickly and painlessly (for them) into the devious workings of the "system". The numeral "86" soon became a part of our vocabularies, and the cry of "YOUNG MAN" struck terror into the hearts of all of us, and particularly to those of any unfortunates sufficiently exposed to be forced to answer this "call to duty". Many a long night was spent hiding on the forecastle plotting revenge on these seemingly heartless individuals.

Despite these early days, we realized that the place wasn't so bad after all, especially when the tide went out and disclosed our campus, glistening in the bright sunlight which is so plentiful on Cape Cod. A few of our number still failed to see the silver lining, however, and departed in short order. Those of us who remained were never to regret the decision.

Soon we were engulfed in the endless round of activity which was to be our life during our stay at the "Cape Cod College of Nautical Knowledge". We marched each morning and drilled for the benefit of the Naval Science Department each Friday afternoon, which made us feel quite military, and our existence became more monotonous with each passing day. The tedium of everyday life at the Academy was broken by the weekly efforts of our hard-working football team, who had a successful season by virtue of the fact that they beat our arch rivals, Maine Maritime Academy, in our annual contest. The all-too-infrequent dances held by the school in Boston rounded out our social life.

Almost before we realized it, finals were upon us, and we were brought to the uncomfortable comprehension of the meaning of the symbol "1-50" after one's name on the liberty list. But our grief at this knowledge was temporarily postponed by our first introduction to the meaning of the words "dry-dock deals". Our hearts were in our mouths when the order to cast off the last lines holding us to the pier at Buzzard's Bay was passed, for there was not one among us who was not firmly convinced that the Charleston would merely settle into the mud at the completion of this act. It was difficult to believe, but our ship really did float, and wasn't suspended from those heavy steel cables after all!! Our confidence in our ship's abilities increased by leaps and bounds all through that first cruise, though many of us displayed our disapproval of her riding characteristics by making good use of the lee rail during our thousands of miles of travel on her.

1951 Cruise

At last the long-awaited day arrived. At about 1300 on a dreary twelfth of February, we cast off from the Navy Fuel Pier and eased smoothly down the channel toward the open sea and our first port, Culebra, five days away. For many of us, those five days were to seem like five months. The unfortunates received their first taste of what was in store for them when the Charleston passed Boston Light and commenced to roll with the swells in her inimitable fashion. Their suffering was in no way alleviated by the comments of the old salts among us who proclaimed that it "certainly is a calm day, isn't it?" By the second day out, though, we began to become accustomed to our beloved gunboat's gyrations and settled down to enjoy the trip, aided considerably by the warmth and serenity of the Gulf Stream and the issuance of our checks by the Paymaster. Dungarees and T-shirts soon become uniform, while our blues and peacoats were stowed far out of our sight.

On the seventeenth we were all surprised to see our destination, Culebra, come into sight on the horizon, exactly at the time and place predicted by our many navigators. However, we were unable to spend much time in congratulating them, for, no sooner was the anchor down than the paint pots and scaffolding were broken out and the ship's upperworks and hull were given a thorough going over. Each morning, we lowered the boats into the water and circled the ship a few times. There's nothing like a lifeboat drill to develop strong back and shoulder muscles, particularly when a first and a third-classman are pulling the same oar!

Those of us who went ashore found very little to do, except, of course, dodging the ever-present upper-jobs as we wandered about, drinking in all of this lovely tropical target — island, that is.

It was here that we first broke out the new movie projectors and the films we had procured before sailing. The "RKO Fantail Theatre" was in business, and there to stay, if one could judge by the crowds surging aft at the announcement of "MOVIE CALL". With the Maintenance program well under way as a result of our stay in Culebra, we sailed on the twenty-second for St. Thomas, V. I., only a few hours run away.

After Culebra, we were ready for anything when we arrived at St. Thomas, but to our surprise, we found it to be far above our dreams as a liberty port. We invaded the pleasant resort town of Charlotte Amalie en masse and commenced to explore its possibilities. It offered untold opportunities for both minor and major mischief-making, and very few of us failed to show our appreciation for this chance to shake off for a few hours, the cares and frustrations of our life aboard ship. The rallying point for many was the Virgin Isle Hotel, perched on the side of a mountain overlooking the town and harbor, and equipped with all manner of appurtenances designed to relieve the Middies not only of their cares, but of their money as well. After gathering there for a dip in the pool, we swooped down to town to investigate places like the French quarter, Bluebeard's Castle and various other spots of historical (?) interest. Many of us returned to the ship laden with rum — Bay and otherwise.

The Charleston sailed from St. Thomas on the twenty-fourth, ushered out of the harbor by the signs of the natives and the groans of the Middies at the sounds of the ever-present shipping hammers and wire brushes.

Our next port-of-call, St. Croix, V. I., was only a short run to the South, and we made it in time for the Port Watch to get ashore for a two or three hour liberty, a typical Port Watch "deal". We had anchored in the open roadstead of Fredricksted, one of the two good sized towns on the island. Starboard watch went ashore the following day and disturbed the peacefulness of the Lord's Day on this heretofore tranquil island as they commandeered taxis to carry them to Christiansted on the other side of the island in search of virgin fields to conquer. Most of us found the other side of the island just as lifeless as Fredricksted, probably due to the presence of the upper class in numbers sufficient to dampen our spirits. Nevertheless, we managed to return aboard with many sea-stories to be retold during our too-short run to our next port, Basse Terre, Guadeloupe.

As we had done at St. Croix and Culebra, we anchored out, thus giving the running boats another workout. Ashore, we discovered that the town was just as dirty as we had anticipated, but we grew accustomed to the odor and again set out to explore the possibilities of another tropic isle. Most of us stocked up on perfume and other trinkets. Some were fortunate enough to be taken overland to the town of Point-a-Pitre by the Foreign Legion garrison in order to observe the annual Mid-Lenten festival. After three days, we hoisted the anchor and set our course for the island of Barbados.

The lovely island of Barbados, B. W. I., was a welcome sight to us after Guadeloupe. Where Basse Terre was remembered mainly by its aroma, which seemed to be still clinging to us even after a full day at sea, Barbados was typified by its sparkling white beaches and the crisp British accents of its inhabitants, both white and black. Here, the Middies immediately made friends and were welcomed royally by the local businessmen. Unfortunately, the Mauretania was anchored in the roadsted nearby and was disgorging hundreds of well-heeled tourists onto the

same landing that our boats were using, causing a sudden rise in the cost of amusement, which affected the average Middie pocketbook adversely. But, on the other hand, there were many money-saving "deals" offered to us during our three days here. The Aquatic Club allowed us to free use of their recreational facilities, as did many of the private clubs on the island, and gave a dance in our honor on our last night in port. Those few third classmen that managed to go, returned with a thorough knowledge of the intricate steps of the Mambo, to the chagrin of certain of the less talented upper-jobs!

Here it was possible to buy the imported linens, china and other products of England's industry at greatly reduced cost, and many of us took advantage of the opportunity and stocked up before we again hoisted anchor, this time to sail for Trinidad, which had been substituted for LaGuiara, Ven., as a result of flood conditions there.

Arriving at Trinidad on the seventh of March, we tied up at the USNOB, situated about seven miles from the city of Port-of-Spain. The Navy offered us the use of all their facilities, including their Ships Service Canteen and Ships Store. We showed our appreciation of this kind offer by practically exhausting their supply of ice cream and fresh milk in short order. Some of us made the trip into town but soon returned after discovering that the dollar went farther when spent on the Navy Base. After a pleasant stay in this land of milk and honey, we fueled ship and set our course for our next stop, Cristobal, C. Z.

In Cristobal, after having our financial situation receive a shot in the arm from the Paymaster, we proceeded to spend fabulous sums in the local shops, buying all manner of souvenirs and gifts for our friends and families back home. Every liberty party returned to the ship laden down with leather goods, fabrics, jewelry and other objects. It was said at the time that the draft of the Charleston increased a full six inches during our stay here. Many of us found time to make the trip across the Isthmus to Balboa, on the Pacific side, and all agreed that the trip was well worth the effort.

Our stay drew rapidly to a close, and on the nineteenth we sailed for Trujillo, D. R.

We ran into our first really rough weather on the journey to the Dominican Republic. The Charleston began to give us a real ride as soon as we had cleared the harbor of Cristobal, and didn't let up on us until the day before our entry into that of Ciudad, Trujillo. At Trujillo, we discovered that American cigarettes commanded a fabulous price, and took advantage of this rare opportunity to augment our always waning fortunes. The liberty parties took on the appearance of an almost collegiate casualness, including a cultivated bagginess where heretofore we had always been well-pressed and neatly attired Midshipmen. It was a dangerous game in this militaristic country, and soon all but the hardiest of us retired from the competition, satisfied with a modest profit. Here, as in many previous ports, taxicabs and other public conveyances took much of our cash, and after attending Easter services, we left for Houston, Texas, U. S. A. sadly depleted.

Back in the States again, we arrived in Houston on the 31st. of March, to be treated to a royal welcome by the local Red Cross Chapter. Everything imaginable had been planned for our entertainment. We attended concerts, dinner parties, stage plays, radio programs and dances, all as the guests of the Red Cross. During our stay, the famous Frontier Fiesta, complete with gala parades and parties, was held. All in all, a fine time was had by all hands, and it was with deep regret that we made our preparations to sail. After fueling ship on the morning of the fourth of April, we cast off the lines holding our ship to the dock, and headed downchannel, being saluted by all the ships in the harbor and saluting them in return. It was impossible for us to cast off the intangible bindings which tied our hearts to that wonderful city, and even now we find our memories sharply stirred by recollections of the Sovereign State of Texas.

After leaving the Galveston jetty behind, we set our course along the Gulf, heading for the Florida Keys and on around to Ft. Lauderdale. We arrived off Port Everglades, the deep sea port for both Miami and Ft. Lauderdale, on the afternoon of the seventh of April, and soon found ourselves secured at the dock with another liberty facing us. Upon going ashore, we split up and headed both north to Lauderdale and south to Miami. In Ft. Lauderdale, we discovered the reason for which it is called, "The Venice of America" lay in the miles of canals criss-crossing the city, much like the streets of any other town. Here we also viewed the famous Intracoastal Waterway which extends all the way from New Jersey to Texas. Those of us who traveled to Miami were not disappointed with what was to be seen there, and all of us agreed that it was indeed a fabulous recreational area.

Now, we had only one more port separating us from our homes, which we found held more interest for us now than the idea of sailing on interminably, which we had entertained some months previous. We turned into Chesapeake Bay after a three day run from Florida, and soon found ourselves on the Potomac, on our way up to our national Capitol, Washington, D. C. As we passed Mount Vernon, Home of the Father of our Country, we observed the traditional honors, sounding Taps and tolling the ship's bell. Finally, we found ourselves secured at a dock at the Naval Gun Factory, preparing for our last liberty. Again, the Paymaster saved the day by the timely issuance of our checks, and we descended on our Seat of Government well armed financially. We saw all the sights, including more gold braid in one day than we had expected to see in a lifetime. The Smithsonian Institute swallowed many of us so completely that we were amazed to discover that liberty had almost expired, and we had viewed only a portion of the many exhibits. During our stay, the side-boys were kept busy welcoming the seemingly never-ending stream of important visitors. Our Governor was able to ride part of the way home with us, and as a result, we were given an opportunity to see the Chesapeake-Delaware ship Canal while on our way to drop him off in Wilmington, Del. After leaving our distinguished visitor there, we headed for home coaxing every extra revolution available from our hard-worked engines.

At long, long last, we rounded Boston Light and headed up the Stream toward Commonwealth Pier, where friend and family waited.

All too quickly, our respite was at an end, and we returned to our books well grounded in our chosen professions by the practical training given us during the cruise. Unwillingly, we settled down to enjoy a summer at what we laughingly referred to as "one of the Cape's more fashionable pleasure resorts".

Because of our new relationship with respect to the "1-50 List", and the dearth of adequate leave periods, our second semester did not pass as swiftly as had the first. Our eagerness to see the end of our term at the losing end of the system did not help time to pass any more rapidly, but we had learned patience since our arrival, and we knew that the day would come soon enough. It was a distinct blow to one and all when we learned that our weekly "tete-a-tetes" with Don Winslow and Company were at an end, and we watched with tears in our eyes as those sixteen pound Springfields were carefully crated and shipped away. And we had just about mastered the Manual of Arms, too!!

Our interest soon turned, however, to the progress of our Baseball Team, which had begun to make its presence felt in the Upper Cape League.

Almost unexpectedly, the long-awaited day arrived. After a few quite feeble attempts, we succeeded in "shutting the valve" on those unworthy gentlemen by whom we had been so roughly handled during the previous year. Final exams passed, (and most of us did, too), and, after a much-needed rest, we returned to our little warehouse with renewed vigor, to be greeted by the familiar hunted expressions on the faces of the new class. Our sympathies went out to them, but we were elated with the knowledge that our "reliefs" had at last arrived. Intoxicated with this new and strange feeling of freedom, we decided, that, after all, this isn't as bad as we thought.

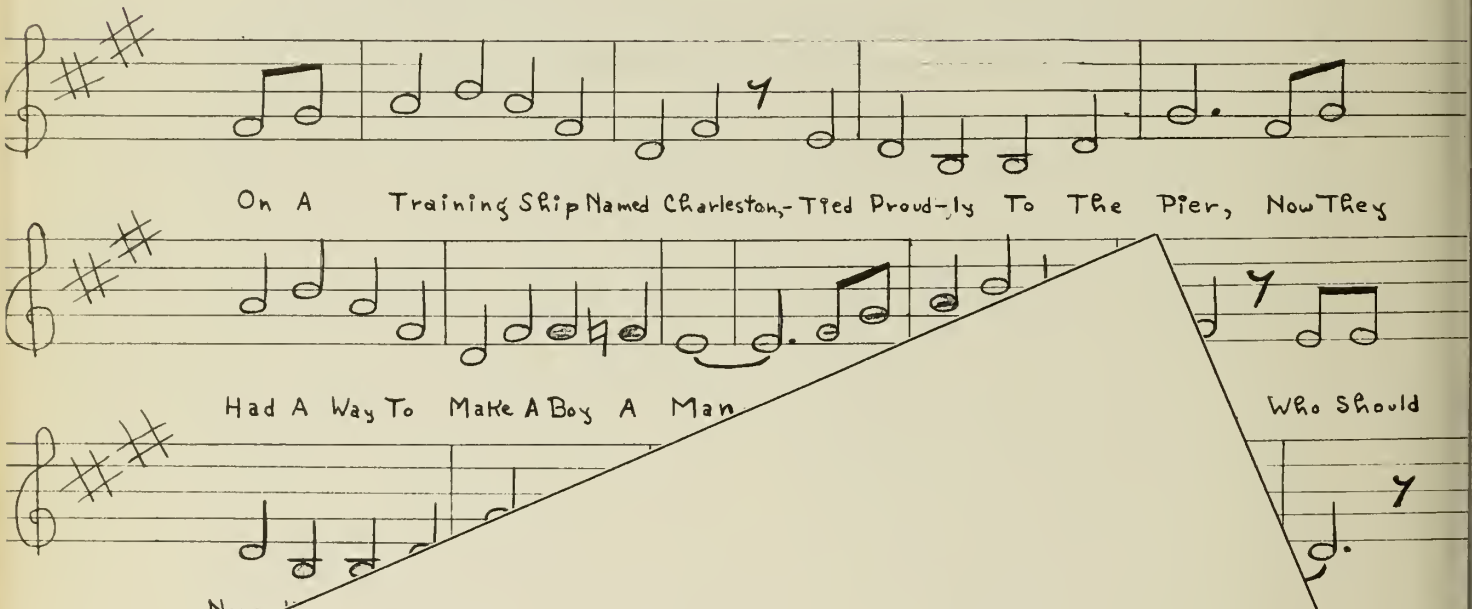
Our bubble burst abruptly when we plunged into our new Academic schedule, however, and we soon found that "big blue book on Ordnance" held much information which had to be transferred to our groaning mentalities. We were subjected to the gruelling task of comprehending the inner workings of component solvers, integrators, differentials and other products of this electronic age which were necessary to solve the Ballistics Mess—, err, Problem.

Again, as in the previous year, our problems were alleviated by the many activities which occupied our so-called "spare time". Inspired by the rallies sponsored by the "Football Foist" committee, our football team kept us on the edges of our seats most of the season, but the bitterest disappointment of all came when we lost to our friendly enemies, Maine Maritime Academy, on their home field at Castine, Maine. The loss was a double one, for we were forced to return the hard-won trophy which we had taken from them the previous year. Those among us who witnessed the sad proceedings will always remember not only the heartbreak with which we lost, but also the courtesy and sportsmanship exhibited by the Maine cadets.

The usual round of social affairs also played a great part in preventing boredom from affecting us too strongly, and almost before we realized what was happening, our second class cruise was upon us. This time, the "powers that be" decided to do business with a new shipyard, and we spent many happy weeks watching the yardmen wandering about our vessel. Many of us learned a great deal from our close observation of their working methods, which we were soon to apply during the forthcoming cruise. During our period in the shipyard, the Charleston underwent some major facelifting as a result of the installation of two new 135 man lifeboats, to replace the many smaller pulling boats which we had previously used. The former airplane deck, which we had utilized as a boat deck, was almost completely cut away in order to make room for the new boats and their accompanying gravity davits. No longer would the cadets hear the cry of "Walk back handsomely" bellowing forth from the lips of the boat officer as we hoisted the boats aboard after a lifeboat drill!

ON A TRAINING SHIP NAMED CHARLESTON

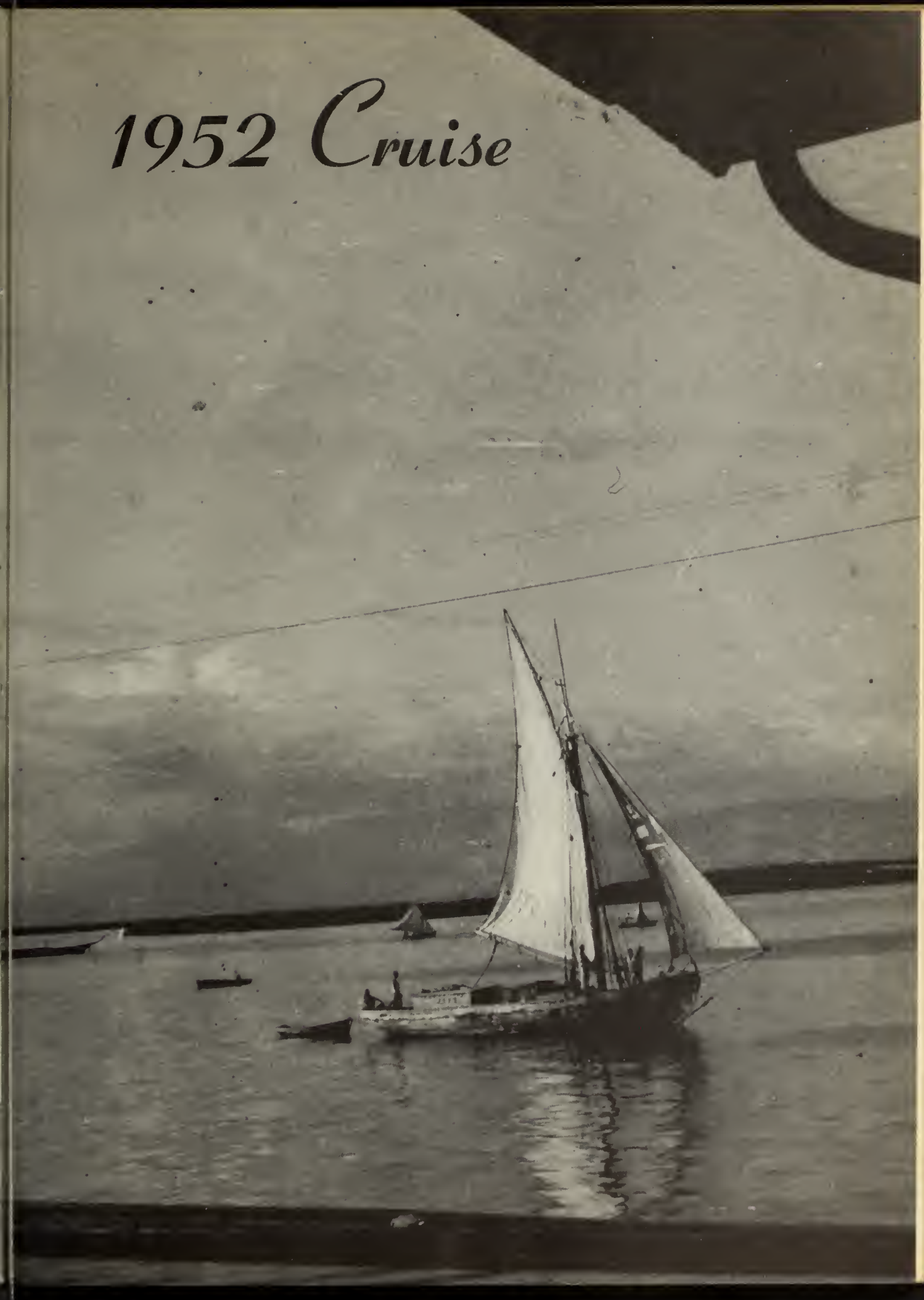
LYRICS BY: J.G. DUMAS
W.A. CORSANO
J.E. VAN SCHELT



CENSORED

...th Forlorn Youngies Hears;
...e World Comin' To
...oys Get The Praise,
...oven Men Are Censured For their Ways?

1952 Cruise



"Oh well, maybe we'll leave tomorrow", seemed to be the watchword about the decks of the Charleston during those last hectic days of February 1952. We were already two weeks behind our schedule, and we were still testing our new boats and winches for the critical Coast Guard inspectors. There seemed to be something wrong with the lifting mechanism, and those learned men refused to allow us to sail until it was corrected. Finally, on Saturday, the 28th., the difficulty was found and repaired, and we immediately hoisted anchor and set our course down the harbor toward the open sea.

As usual, an opportunity soon presented itself to "separate the men from the boys" and to prove to the few men among us that the old Charleston was a very capable vessel in a seaway, although a bit removed from passenger liner comfort. After the first few hours at sea, she looked like a ghost ship. Those who chanced a stROLL about her careening decks found that only the watch was to be seen, and most of them were rather an unpleasant sight to behold.

The storm had passed, for the most part, by the next morning, and most of us settled down to enjoy this, our second cruise.

Our first port-of-call, Fort de France, Martinique rose out of the sea before us some 6 days later. Going ashore the next afternoon in the running boats, we found, once again, an opportunity to dust off our little used High School French, and commence the lively game of haggling with the inhabitants for the various objects offered for sale. Being very careful, as always, to follow advice, we kept clear of the French Line docks, and wended our cautious way about the town in search of bigger and better bargains.

Soon tiring of this ofttimes tedious task, we went in quest of better things, winding up, eventually, at the Lido Club admiring the excellent view and the masterful manner with which the proprietor turned out those tall, cool drinks. Later, many of the Troops journeyed to the village of St. Pierre in order to see the ruins of that city, which was demolished during a volcanic eruption many years previous.

With visions of the Air France Hotel still in our eyes, we returned to the ship and prepared to depart for our next stop.

We arrived in Georgetown, British Guiana, well announced. Our arrival, we found, had been anticipated for many a day, and we soon found ourselves accepting with glee the many proffered invitations extended by the inhabitants, and extending one of our own in return to these most generous people.

First, officials and dignitaries were shown about our vessel, and then the general public was allowed on board to receive conducted tours with the Midshipmen as guides. During the day, thousands of natives lined the dock, anxious to board the vessel which they were convinced had been sent from Washington to "BeeGee" on a secret Naval mission.

Dances were held on two of the nights we were in port at the Mariners Club. These were grand affairs, with many of the Middies showing an undeveloped talent for the intricate steps of the "Calypso". The local belles were only too happy to attend these dances, and the most frequent bit of conversation heard about the dance floor was, "Hey mon, how you like BeeGee?"

After an educational trip to the famed Botanical Gardens we found our time growing short, and were soon forced to leave behind the wonders of "BeeGee", (and its average noon temperature of 96 — 100° and set our course for the USNOB on the island of Trinidad, some 400 miles distant.

The Navy Base was no different from our visit of the previous year, but all of us were happy to re-acquaint ourselves with the Ship's Service store and the Canteen, and to introduce ourselves to another facility of the base which, had been denied to us the year before, namely, the Enlisted Men's Club, and its companion "Garden". Here, our baseball team swung into action for the first time of the season, and defeated the base team.

Those who ventured into town readily found that "Dirty Jim's" and the cab drivers had not changed very much, after all. Once again, the arrival of a group of tourists raised the prices for us, but, upon our determined insistance, we prevailed upon the merchants and other purveyors of desired goods to lower their rates to only 100% above normal. Here again, we heard the now-familiar strains of the Calypso, recalling to mind those nights in "BeeGee".

Soon, however, it was time to put aside these pleasant memories and devote our attention to the serious business of fueling ship in preparation for our trip to the next spot on our itinerary, Port-au-Prince, Haiti.

During the trip, we were accosted by various units of the United States Navy, which were investigating alleged submarine activity in the area. After arrival, we again proceeded on liberty. Before the day was over, most of us had made several trips back to the ship loaded down with the various items of mahoganyware, which we had soon discovered to be the best buy in town, outside of those items which could not be brought on board in their normal state.

The Thorland Club, The Casino, The Miami and other spots of refreshments afforded us many wild tales to be retold during the nightly "bull sessions" during our nights at sea on the way to our next port.

As had occurred on the previous cruise, we were forced to cancel one of our originally scheduled ports and substitute another, this time as a result of the fiery nature of the politics of these Central American Republics. Havana was in the throes of revolution, and we were forced to substitute the only slightly more peaceful port of Galveston, Texas, U.S.A.

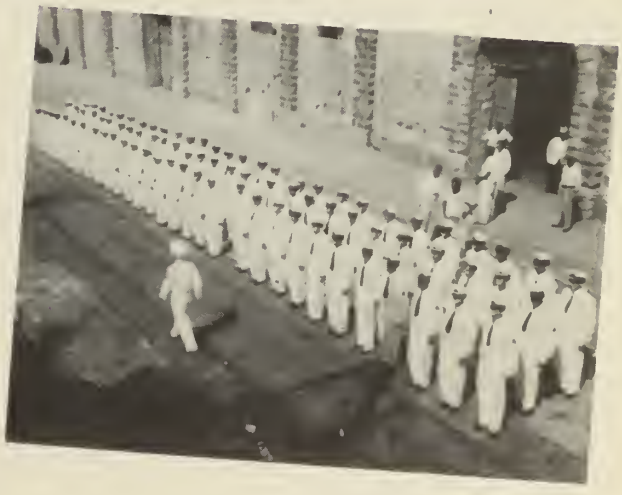
During our stay in Houston on the previous cruise, we had heard the rumor that nothing could occur in Texas that could not be described in superlatives, and we had good reason to believe this if any conclusions could be drawn from the fabulous reception given us by that fair city, but we had all doubts removed from our minds on the day that we arrived in Galveston. Did *you* ever stand beneath Niagara Falls clad in Service Dress Khakis???? Well, if you haven't, any of us who went ashore that first day can describe it to you with amazing accuracy. The rain did serve some good though, for it kept the Middies off the streets and out of trouble by forcing them to take refuge in the various establishments along the way. The Longhorn "Theatre", did much to take our minds off the raging downpour and was responsible for the sudden influx of mail to our various lady friends back home. Even though the rain had ceased by the time the Port watch went ashore on the next day, somehow the only reports returned to the ship dealt with the advantages of the medical profession as seen from the back room of the Longhorn. All the midshipmen being agreed on this point, we cast off and headed up the Houston Ship Channel to Baytown to take on fuel for the trip to Vera Cruz.

Just as the breakwater of Vera Cruz harbor came into sight, we discovered that a strange ailment, aptly nicknamed "The Brown Plague" had struck our vessel. Not

many of us were fortunate enough to escape this dreaded sickness and "Tea and Toast" seemed to be the order of the day for quite some time.

Entering the port, we found that La Nautiga (the Spaniard's answer to MMA) and the Naval Academy had both scheduled dances for our entertainment. As a sort of reciprocal trade agreement, we dressed up our Fantail, and, on our last evening in port, held a dance for both schools. Many acquaintances were struck up, and the days spent in this port will not soon be forgotten, especially by one of our number who made his first liberty of the cruise here.

But, alas, all too soon we waved farewell to the crowds of gay senoritas on the dock, and proceeded North to the port of New Orleans, La., U.S.A.



We labored our way up the Mississippi, docked at the foot of Canal Street, and soon found why New Orleans is so famous. Some of us made good use of the guided tours offered us, and came away with a fair knowledge of the history of this aged city, and the part which it played in the development of both our country and the historical novel. Later, most of us found opportunity to explore the town individually, and sharply impressed, both in mind, and pocketbook, by the wonders of Bourbon Street, Antoine's, The French Cuisine, and other establishments in the Vieux Carre.

After attending Easter services at the ancient St. Louis Cathedral, we worked our way free of the dock, and headed downstream toward The Gulf and our next port, Jacksonville, Fla. stopping to take on fuel on the way down river.

It was in Jacksonville that we learned the true meaning of that old axiom, "You can't have your cake and liberty too." The Port watch managed a conducted(?) tour of famous Marineland, located near St. Augustine, Fla., some miles away. The Starboard watch middies were treated to an educational tour of the Naval Air Station in Jacksonville, and a dance given by the Little Womens Club on our last night in port.

We arrived in Washington despite a dense fog and an over-eager tugboat skipper and proceeded to make the most of our abbreviated stay. The wet weather and the nearness of home dampened our often volatile spirits, and we contented ourselves with educational visits to the many places of historical interest.

For once, the middies were manning the rail for reasons other than gastric disturbance as we pulled in at the old whaling port of New Bedford, Mass., to the blare of a brass band which was on hand to welcome us.

We had hardly secured our lines when leave commenced for all but the duty section.

After five pleasant days at New Bedford, the "Chung" finally turned her wheel to the notch that said "Buzzard's Bay". After a short run, we tied up at the State Pier, the entire body of Midshipmen sighed, "Home again" . . . and the Black Rattlers were stilled for another year.

Upon our return from the cruise, we were pleasantly surprised by the news that our previous struggles with "Ordnance and Gunnery" were now to be reduced to the study of the anti-aircraft tracking problem, mere child's play to old hands such as we. If we had only known what we were in for!! But, nevertheless, with the help of the Naval Science Chiefs, and many a nocturnal rendezvous on the bench in the I. C. Room, we managed to last out the course to a favorable decision.

The Varsity Baseball team once again made their mark in the annals of the Upper Cape League, and on our own little "Harrington Memorial Stadium", the intramural softball league did much to help the Middies work off some of the excess energy they had stored up. The summer months were long and hot, but we now had our goal of nearly two years in sight, and our trials and tribulations paled before the thought of this momentous occasion. OUR OWN LITTLE "TOYS"!!

With the departure of the graduating class and the arrival of another group of eager young men, our life aboard the Chn. settled down to the leisurely country club atmosphere which we had witnessed and envied some two years earlier. Again we had an interest in the cry of "YOUNG MAN!!", and the compartments shook from the echoes, as they had for years upon the entry of a new group of recruits. We had an opportunity to witness at first hand the awkwardness of a new class in their strange surroundings, and realized how we must have appeared for the first few weeks . . . scuttlebums all!! (Only one of our number failed to grow out of that state . . . in fact, he's worse than ever!!)

At last we knew how it felt to be on the winning side of the ancient and honorable "system" which had plagued us for so long. However, we soon discovered that all was not milk and honey in the "upper jobs'" existence. That "nice old man" was only too willing to play games with us, but it became quite evident from the frequent conferences with the Captain at 1330 that we were newcomers at the game, while our "uncle" was quite experienced. His morning raids on "that aisle" left quite an impression on us, especially those of us who failed to heed the cry of "86".

As first-classmen, we spent our time in various ways. Some of us studied for hours trying to disprove the theory that "The shortest distance between two A&P's is a fine line", while the rest developed their natural talents of meditation by joining the traditional "Horizontal Club". Certain members of this organization managed to get up long enough to play an occasional game of shuffleboard with some of "Joe's" respectable clientele, while others exercised only their brains by dreaming of their future careers in the Merchant Marine, now less than one year away.

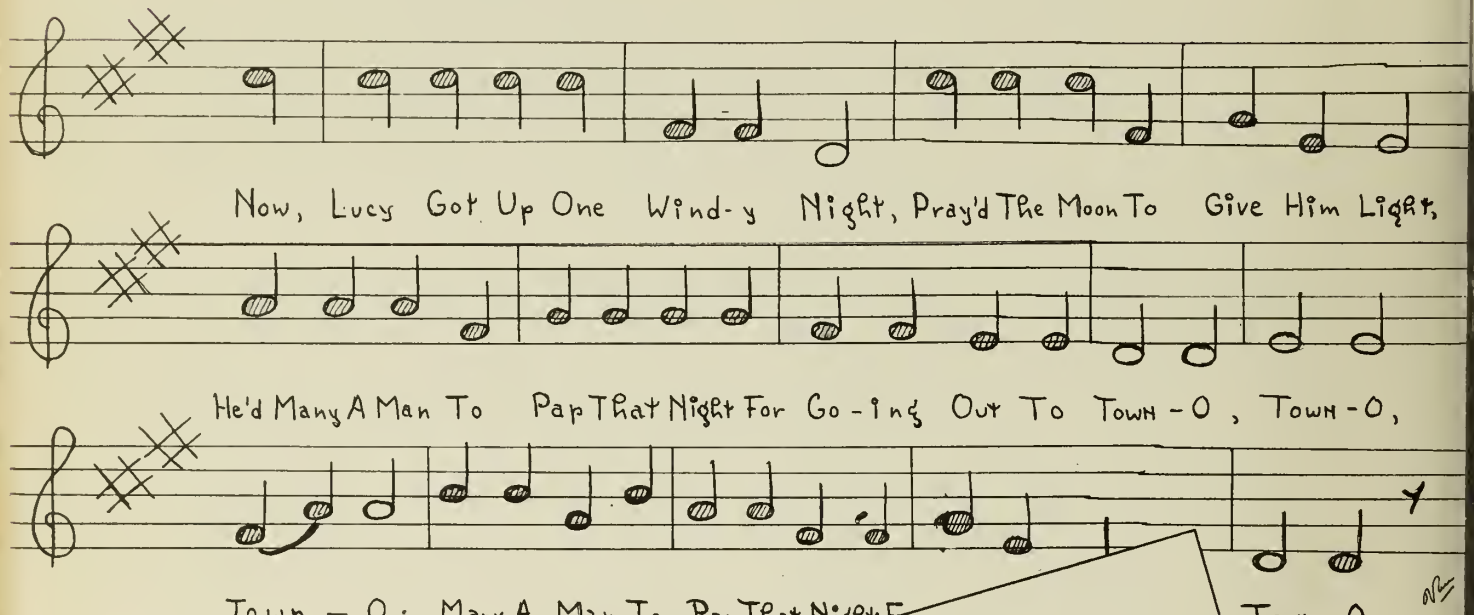
Soon, we were looking forward to another Ring Dance, our own! This year, *we* would be walking through that ring of flowers! Once again, the dance committee outdid themselves, and the Ring Dance of the Class of 1953 was a Howling success.

Due to the untiring efforts of the Football Foist committee, our rallys were better than ever this year, and as usual, the football team responded by playing their hearts out in every game. To our dismay, the season ended on a sour note when our eleven was unable to stop the Maine Maritime offense, and our rivals once again emerged victorious.

At Christmas, we were granted the longest leave of our career at the Academy, twelve long, wonderful days, but with the black cloud of semester finals looming before us at its end.

THE BOYS WENT OUT TO TOWN-O

Lyrics By: J. G. Dumas
W. A. Corsano
J. E. Van Schelt


Now, Lucy Got Up One Wind-y Night, Pray'd The Moon To Give Him Light,
He'd Many A Man To Pap That Night For Go-ing Out To Town-O, Town-O,
Town-O; Many A Man To Pap That Night
Town-O.

1.
Lucy Scrubbed His Way Out Of Bed,
Ran To the Port-Hole And He Cocked
Cryin, "Officer Of The Watch
So There's No Use

2.
He Smiled To Himself
Up On The Quarterdeck
He Had A Checkamuster,
They Were Comin' Over

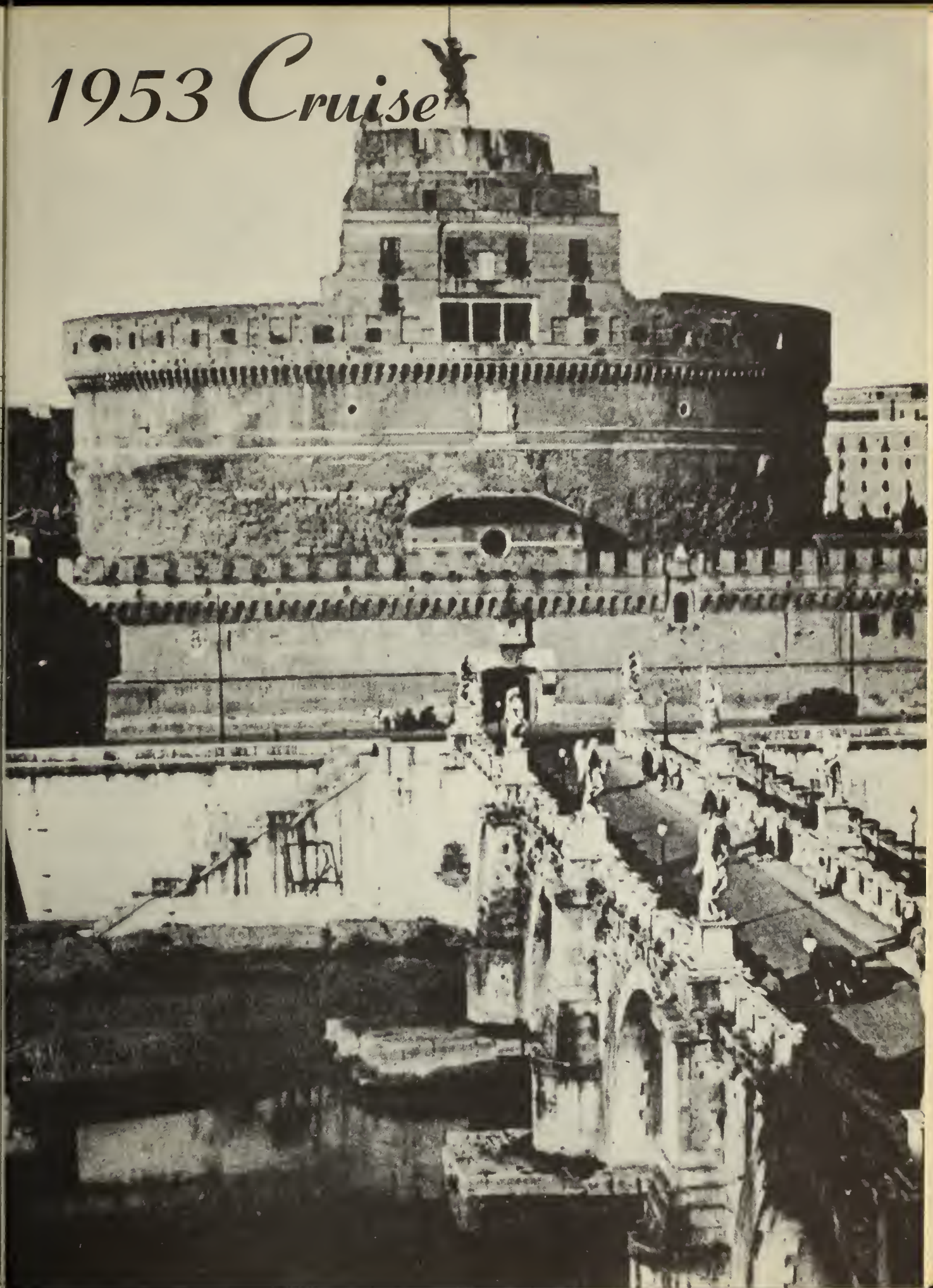
3.
The Port Aisle Awoke Wi
They Never Had Such A T
They Held A Check Muster
But The Fire Were Not Aboard

4.
Now Hego And The Monk Came
Kesty And Bobby, Niether We
Joe Came Back About A Quart
Figured He'd Go Down And Wak

...st.
...t,
...ou.
...to Ten.
...men, And Song,
...in' Out To Town-O, Town-O, Etc.

CENSORED

1953 Cruise



After spending the usual few weeks shopping around among the many shipyards in Boston searching out bargain rates for our repair work, the Charleston departed almost on schedule for our last tour of sea duty with the Academy. Ahead lay what promised to be the most interesting and educational experience of our time at the Academy . . . our Mediterranean Cruise!

We had heard much about that fabulous Winter paradise, Bermuda, and were looking forward to our arrival there with much anticipation. The warmth and sunlight of this, our first stop, did much to remove that old New England chill from our bones, and we all made the most of this opportunity to relax before undertaking the long trip across to Gibraltar. This lovely, semi-tropical island offered many types of entertainment, including golf, swimming, and sailing. The many motor-driven bicycles which could be rented provided an easy method of transportation for our exploration of the island.

After threading our way along the tortuous passages between the many reefs surrounding the island, we found ourselves on the open sea, headed for the Mediterranean and Europe!

On our arrival in Gibraltar, we found the major portion of Her Majesty's Royal Navy anchored there, busily preparing themselves for the Coronation, which was scheduled to be held in June. After our eleven-day trip across the Atlantic, we set out to make the most of our liberty. For amusement, a few of us climbed to the top of "the Rock", then returned to the town, playing a few war games of their own. Those more peacefully inclined took advantage of the opportunity to purchase duty-free goods at this free port, and stocked up on perfume, silks, and various invisible unmentionables.

Our loyal British allies, always conscious of military custom, observed the birthday of the Father of our Country by rendering us a twenty-one gun salute and "dressing ship" in honor of the occasion. This courtesy was acknowledged by us in the usual fashion. After fueling ship, we sailed from the harbor to the glare of hundreds of twinkling Royal Navy signal lights wishing us "bon voyage" . . . we think!

In Malaga, Spain, at long last, our struggles to remain conscious during those long, tedious sessions with the "professor" bore fruit!! We found that we were able to make our wants known with a minimum of stammering and consequent lost time. Before we had been ashore many minutes, we had at our disposal all the entertainment facilities of the town, and were able to drive hard bargains with the proprietors of the various establishments. A heartfelt "thank you" to you, el Senor!!

Here, we added to our store of foreign rhythms those of the Flamenco, Bolero, and the Tango. These we witnessed not only in the professional establishments of the town, but also in the performance of an amateur group from the University of Madrid, who put on a show for us on our last night in port. The hospitality of the American Consul and the Port Captain were very much appreciated by those fortunate midshipmen who attended the cocktail parties given by these personages.

As we sailed, many of us were saddened at the knowledge that they were leaving behind, in this friendly port, a cherished part of themselves, never to be regained.

The beautiful French Riviera rose abruptly out of the sea before us as we nosed gently into the harbor of Ville Franche, threading our cautious way past the bow of the USS Newport News, flagship of the United States Mediterranean Fleet. Our running boats soon joined the continual stream of traffic dashing from the Navy landing to the various units of the fleet anchored about us, picking up our long-awaited mail and leaving our liberty parties safely ashore.

From our newly-found Navy friends, we soon learned that *the* place to go was the city of Nice, which was located only a few miles down the coast. In Nice, we not only found many large department stores in which to make our necessary purchases, but also many cozy French restaurants and clubs which offered all the French atmosphere which we could drink in.

In the opposite direction from 'Villa', a few miles down the coast, lay the principality of Monaco, the site of the fabulous Monte Carlo Casino. Some made the trip expecting to be impressed by the Casino itself, and were surprised to find that they were even more awed by the beautiful drive down the coast road, which far surpassed anything they had seen before by its breathtaking dips and turns, high above the sea!!

Our departure from this beautiful coast saddened us only momentarily, for ahead of us lay the city of Naples, and further inland Rome, one of the oldest cities in the world!!

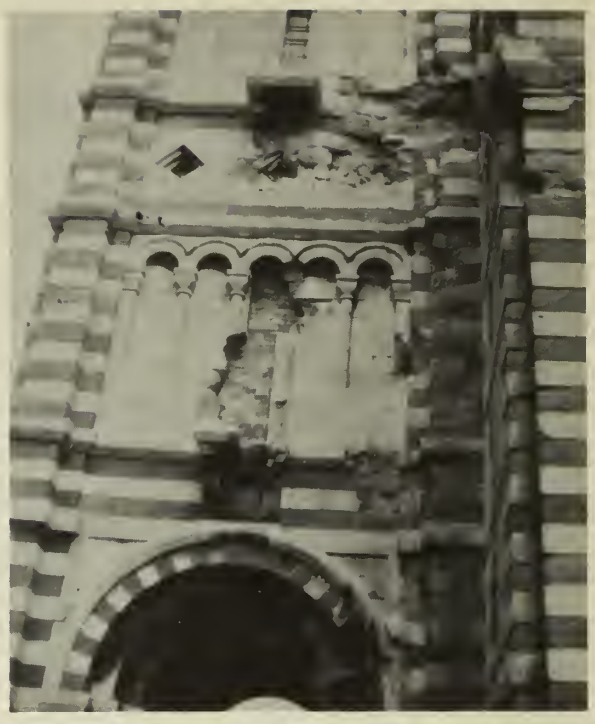
The short run to Italy was uneventful, and we steamed into the harbor of Naples under the smoldering shadow of the great Vesuvius itching to get ashore and see this ancient land for ourselves. There was much to be seen, and we set about making the most of our short stay. Many of us traveled down to the city of Pompeii, to view the ruins which are amazingly well preserved after many thousands of years. The way of life of the people who lived there before its destruction was clearly evident, as the coat-of-arms of the city left very little to the imagination!! The Isle of Capri drew some of us, but the greatest drawing card of all was the ancient city of Rome. Both watch sections were given forty-eight hour liberties, with the stipulation that all those taking the full forty-eight *must* go to Rome, and not stay in Naples. There was the usual two-percent that didn't get the word, to his enduring regret!!!

The Holy City far surpassed everyone's expectations, and all agreed that our stay was entirely too short to completely see the many wonders there. We saw all that was possible in the short time allotted us, but many of our number vowed that they would return someday to explore at their leisure.

Back in Naples, those that hadn't made the trip were busily engaged in a brisk trade with the local Lucky Lucianos, bustling innocently back and forth through the Customs gate, their trim uniforms bulging suspiciously!! We could no longer call our beloved ship "the One-Gun Chun" . . . at least not until we returned from this cruise!!

With traces of spaghetti sauce still on our chins and our music boxes tucked under our arms we steamed out of Naples on our way to the traditionally dark continent . . . Africa!

We-l-l, it *was* dark, at least the inhabitants of Tunisia were, but we still felt strangely incongruous going ashore in our Service Dress Blues here in the land of Beau Geste and the Desert Legions! We were forced to tie up at some distance from the city of Tunis, and this turned out to be a blessing in disguise, as we discovered later, for the aromas issuing forth from the local Casbah were scarcely bearable during our short stay in the city while on liberty!! Our arrival at La Goulette was announced to one and all by the resounding thump which we gave to the dock . . . the pilot spoke only French and we spoke only English . . . oh, well, the bows needed repainting anyway, and no one will even notice one more little dent!! We soon stormed ashore and made our way into the city of Tunis some eight miles away by way of an ancient and decrepit electric railway . . . shades of the MTA!!! Tunis made its presence known to us even before our lurching gasping train drew within sight of its walls . . . we were on the leeward side of the Casbah and the rather gamey odor of sweating Arabs was unmistakable! After a *very* brief trek through this ancient native quarter, we turned our attentions northward of the city to the ruins of Carthage, reasoning that the Carthaginians had been dead for thousands of years, while the Tunisians merely smelled as if they had been!! It was while we were in Tunis that "the Apple" was given some heartfelt advice by one of our number which summed up in a few words the exact sentiments of the rest of the class!!



Our second stop at the British Mediterranean bastion of Gibraltar was generally a repetition of the first, and gave us the opportunity to pick up those items which we still lacked before striking out for our last European port, Funchal, Madeira.

After a "twisty, rolly" trip, we arrived in the harbor at Funchal to be greeted by swarms of native "bumboats". These busy little craft didn't do much in the way of trading with us due to a regulation prohibiting such trade, but some of our adventurous classmates managed to find a good use for them as impromptu liberty boats . . . which situation prevailed until a pair of Custer Clusters were earned by the boys!

On liberty, those of us who were not interested in girls that looked like Ann Blyth made the trek to the top of the hills behind the city to the village of Monte, discovering much later that this trip required, among other things, "sturdy legs . . . stout heart", and a surprising amount of "courage"!! Oh, well, that's the publicity department for you!!

After purchasing all manner of local goods, including the famed Madeira lace, we hauled up the anchor to commence our long, ten-day crossing to San Juan, Puerto Rico.

The first few days of the trip were a bit rough, but soon enough we settled down to our usual ten-degree roll, and we came up on deck secure in the knowledge that the sea must be pretty calm, at last!! The weather was sunny and warm for the rest of the run, and most of us managed to pick up a good suntan. We arrived in port a full day ahead of schedule in order to facilitate our passage through customs, but some confusion existed even after the Special Sea Detail had been secured, and as a consqeuence, the liberty parties were sent ashore before the arrival of the customs officials, and we were forced to wait until our next port before being cleared. The warmth and sunshine of this tropic isle were quite welcome after the damp chill of Europe, and we flocked to the beaches and swimming pools as one.

While we were in port, the Propellor Club arranged tours of the city and a dance at the exclusive Casa de Espana. Those that attended the dance enjoyed themselves immensely in their luxurious surroundings . . . at least until "los camereros" solemnly began distributing the checks!! There were some mighty embarrassed Middies after that long trip to the front office to converse with the manager!!

For once, we maneuvered our way gracefully out of the slip with the aid of a Navy tugboat, and, after rounding under the ancient guns of the Morro Castle overlooking the harbor entrance, we set our course for the mouth of the Chesapeake. While enroute, we received orders to proceed to the Naval Operating base at Norfolk, Virginia, in order to take aboard a pair of propellors which the Navy had salvaged from our sunken sister ship, the Erie. After a few minutes at the dock, we safely took aboard the propellors and sailed again for our ultimate destination, Washington, D. C.

After securing the ship, we went ashore for our last cruise liberties. We found that, even in Cherry Blossom time it was a dreary, rainy place, and began to wonder if the sun *ever* shines there!

Our departure was definitely the best of any we had experienced in all three cruises, a fitting end to our last sea-days on the Charleston. The lurid details will be mercifully omitted here, but we will express our doubts that the Charleston will ever again tie up at a Wilson Line dock!!

The trip down the Potomac was enlivened by the antics of the pilot, one "Fearless Forbes", who left little doubt in our minds as to just who had the best of the battle of wits which took place on the bridge!!

We arrived off the entrance to Boston Harbor at 0630, 16 April, and for the first time in many a day, the entire first class was up and about before breakfast!! We were home at last!

At noon, most of us left to begin the last leave period before our final graduation leave.

Our return from Europe marked for us our entry into the final round of our Academy careers. It was with an air of determination that we again picked up our books, dusted them off, and settled down to that which lay before us.

We learned many things during our last sixteen-week stint at Buzzard's Bay. All those long-forgotten details were again brought to mind, and we found that we actually had retained a great deal of what we had been taught during previous years. As Third-classmen, we had learned many things, both in the classroom and out, and now this knowledge was to stand us in good stead. If we hadn't experienced that trying first year at the Academy, it is doubtful that we could have borne up so well under this final assault.

And so, we found ourselves on the final step. Our studies were almost complete, and we discovered that we were inclined to look back over our times here and reflect on that which we had gained.

At the price of three years of our young lives, which we treasured so highly, we had gained, not only a technical education, but an intangible quality of awareness of the many facets of human behavior which is so necessary to any man aspiring to leadership. Our lives at the Academy had been spent in very close proximity to one another, and was, as a result, quite trying at times. Our ability to live under these conditions so harmoniously for such a long period bears witness to the fact that we have learned quickly and thoroughly.

Our time here has, indeed, been well spent. All that we have gained will remain with us for the rest of our lives. We have acquired a way of thinking and behaving which has prepared us completely for any situation by which we may be confronted. We have learned our chosen trades well, and need have no fear of what lies ahead, whatever may be its nature.

We are ready.

ACTIVITIES

FOOTBALL FIRST COMMITTEE

RING DANCE

FOOTBALL — 1952

Although the future for football for Massachusetts Maritime Academy looked very dim at the start of the season, the combined efforts of Mr. Harrington, Mr. Brennan and co-captains Frankie Boyle and Jimmie Lawlor finally bore fruit when uniforms were issued and practice started late for our first game of the year.

Aiding our co-captains were six other members of the Senior class, who performed ably throughout the entire season. They were, Ron St. Pierre, Arnie Aronson, Ken Hassett, Frank Suzan, Leo Jacobs, Jim Dagdigian and managers Hap Rowand and Bob Slattery.

Phillips Andover	26
Mariners	13

With a total of only four hours of practice behind them, the Mariners traveled to Andover to play one of the finest prep school teams in the state. After a ragged first half, in which Andover was able to score three times using a brilliant 'split T' attack which baffled our unprepared club, the Mariners struck back with their own offense which startled the overconfident Andover eleven. A sixty-five yard pass play from Don Flynn to Frankie Boyle accounted for the first tally, and the second resulted from a fumble in the end zone which was recovered by Mickey McDonough. Despite the lopsided score in favor of Andover, we were not unhappy at the outcome, for Andover had gone undefeated against some of the finest prep school teams in New England.

Northeastern Freshmen	12
Mariners	0

On a bleak, cold, rainy day, a more experienced Maritime eleven faced the Northeastern University Freshman team. Scoring on the second play of the game, on a ninety-yard pass interception, Northeastern took a six-nothing lead. From then on, the game was played to a muddy standstill, both teams stymied by the wet and slippery condition of the ball and field. Another run of seventy yards put Northeastern ahead twelve-nothing, and this remained as the final score.

Mariners	26
New York Agricultural College	7

Flushed with the determination to taste victory over the New York Aggies, the Middies traveled to New York where two brilliant touchdown runs by co-captain Jimmie Lawlor paved the way to a twenty-six - seven win. Other touchdowns came on a pass from Frankie Boyle to Bob Duke and a line plunge by Ziggy. Seamans. Tremendous jobs on defense were turned in by Aronson, Suzan and Sottack.

Mariners	20
Dean Academy	7

With their offense now smartly clicking, the Mariners went after their second victory at the expense of Dean Academy before a large homecoming day crowd which had seen Dean defeat the Middies for five straight years. The Middies were up, however, and the jinx was broken as the game was iced in the first quarter by three successive touchdowns. A fifty-yard punt return by Don Flynn and a pair of TD's by co-captain Jim Lawlor and Frankie Boyle accounted for the final score of twenty to seven. Leo Jacobs and Jim Dagdigian played heads-up ball in the line to help earn the victory.

Newport Naval Training Station	12
Mariners	0

With two straight victories under their belts, the team was greatly disappointed when after following up seventeen first downs to five for Newport Trainees, we ended up on the wrong end of a twelve-nothing score. An eighty-five yard return of the opening kickoff put the Middies with their backs to the wall against a fine Navy team who had placed two men on the All-Navy Team.

Maine Maritime Academy	30
Massachusetts Maritime Academy	13

Our traditional classic with our rivals from Maine was played on a fine Autumn day at St. John's Prep in Danvers. After a scoreless first quarter, the Massachusetts stands were brought to their feet cheering as a line plunge by fullback Ziggy Seamans opened the scoring in our favor. Maine countered with a score of their own, but a pass from Frankie Boyle to Bob Duke gave us the lead again. A few minutes later, we lost a golden opportunity to lengthen our lead when a great goal-line stand by Maine caused us to give up the ball on their one-inch line.

In the second half, due to the great passing of the six-foot-five Maine quarterback, Bill Michaelson, they rolled to four more touchdowns, battling for each yard gained on their marches. For Massachusetts, a great defensive job was turned in by Ron St. Pierre, who intercepted a pass in the final seconds of the game and started a ninety-yard run for the goalline only to be knocked out of bounds by the last Maine defender before he could score.

The game ended a few seconds later with Maine still in possession of the coveted trophy for another year.

The season, as measured in victories and defeats, was only a fair one, but the memories of it will last for all those who gave of their time and effort to try and make of it a success; the players themselves, the coaches, the Academy Band, the rally committee, and last but not least the Company of Midshipmen, without whose support and encouragement we would have given up long ago.

BASKETBALL — 1952

For the third year in the Academy's sports history, a basketball team was placed in competition by Coach Lee Harrington. In spite of the continuing adverse conditions, Mr. Harrington's latest club managed to improve slightly over the performance of its predecessors of the previous years. Led by Captain "Brud" Healey, and ably supported by veterans Dave Gerety and Franny Mycue, the team scored victories over the nearby teams of Wareham and Bourne, and a sensational upset over Wentworth Institute, which had defeated the Middies the previous year.

The real strength of the team lay in its underclass members, who composed a majority of this year's five, and we are confident of a more successful season next year when these seasoned veterans join again in varsity competition.

BASEBALL, 1953

Our hopes for a successful baseball season to climax our stay at the Academy materialized within a few short weeks after the opening game. Mr. Harrington finally had an excellent ball club, composed of veterans trained from previous seasons together, and adequately supplied with equipment and uniforms, indeed a rare combination for any of this academy's sporting ventures.

Inspired by the able leadership of Captain Frankie Boyle, the Mariners took an early lead in the standings of the Upper Cape Cod League, and held on to it all through the first half of the season. Our stampede up the road to victory was led by the superb pitching efforts of Barry Dennis, "Rick" O'Leary, Dave Green and Al Sirois in conjunction with the outstanding performance behind the plate of Catcher Don Flynn. The rest of the Mariners rallied behind this consistently good pitching and their timely hitting saved many close games.

As the mid-season mark rolled around on the Fourth of July, the Mariners were in undisputed possession of first place by three full games and assured of a place in the Play-offs next Fall. Eight of their number were placed on the Mid-season All-Star team, with Don Flynn voted as the Most Valuable Player of the League.

The Muster

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY
BUZZARDS BAY, MASSACHUSETTS • • •
12 August, 1953

FROM: The Editors, 1953 MUSTER

TO: Our Readers

SUBJECT: 1953 MUSTER, Completion of.

1. The staff of the 1953 MUSTER would not close this record of our life here at Massachusetts Maritime Academy without some recognition of those who have helped us prepare it. Often the staff of a book such as this receives all the credit for its production and many to whom commendation is due are completely overlooked. We will not have it so.

2. First, our sincere thanks are extended to all our subscribers and friends, without whose financial assistance we would be unable to carry on our publication of a new MUSTER each year.

3. Next, we wish to express our appreciation to Lt. (jg) Samuel L. Clogston, our faculty advisor, for the invaluable assistance he has given to us. His friendly personality and interested attitude have done much to lift us over the rough spots encountered in the preparation of any book such as this.

4. Finally, we pay tribute to both the Spaulding-Moss Company, our publishers, and to the Dickson's of Plymouth, our official photographers, not alone for their excellent professional work in our behalf, but also for their unending patience with us in our efforts to get the book assembled.

Very respectfully submitted,

THE EDITORS

GEORGE H. RANDALL, Editor-in-Chief G.H. Randall

JAMES F. McNULTY, Literary Editor James F. McNulty

ROBERT J. RICHARDS, Photography Robert J. Richards

FRANCIS I. MYCUE, Sports Francis I. Mycue

JOHN J. CARTON, Business and Advertising John J. Carton

RICHARD M. DOTEN, Art Richard M. Doten

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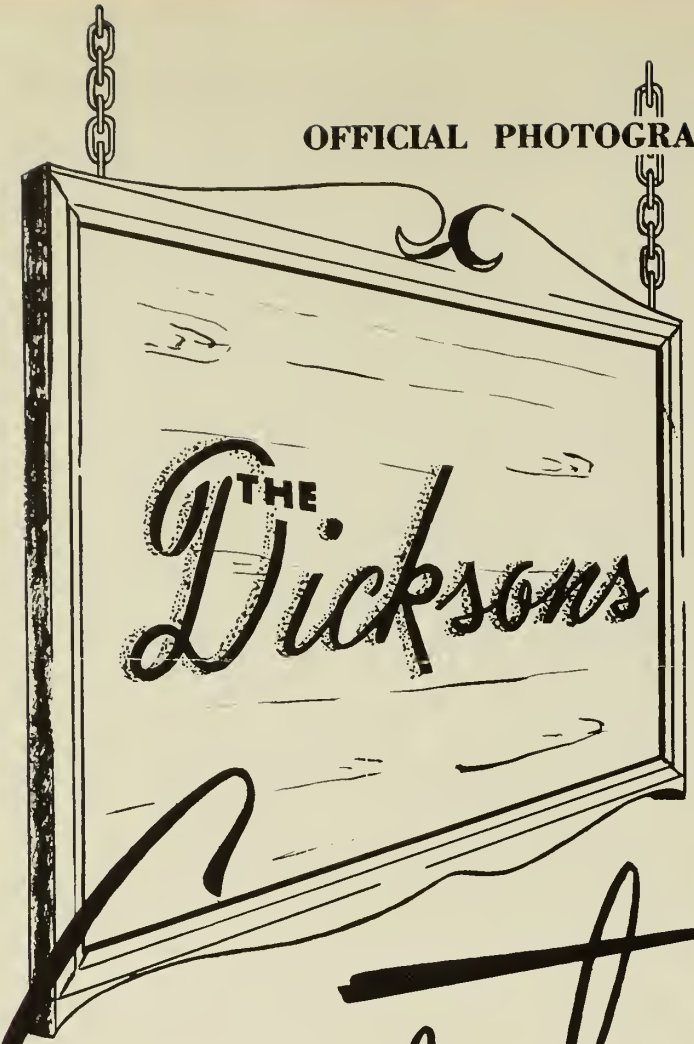

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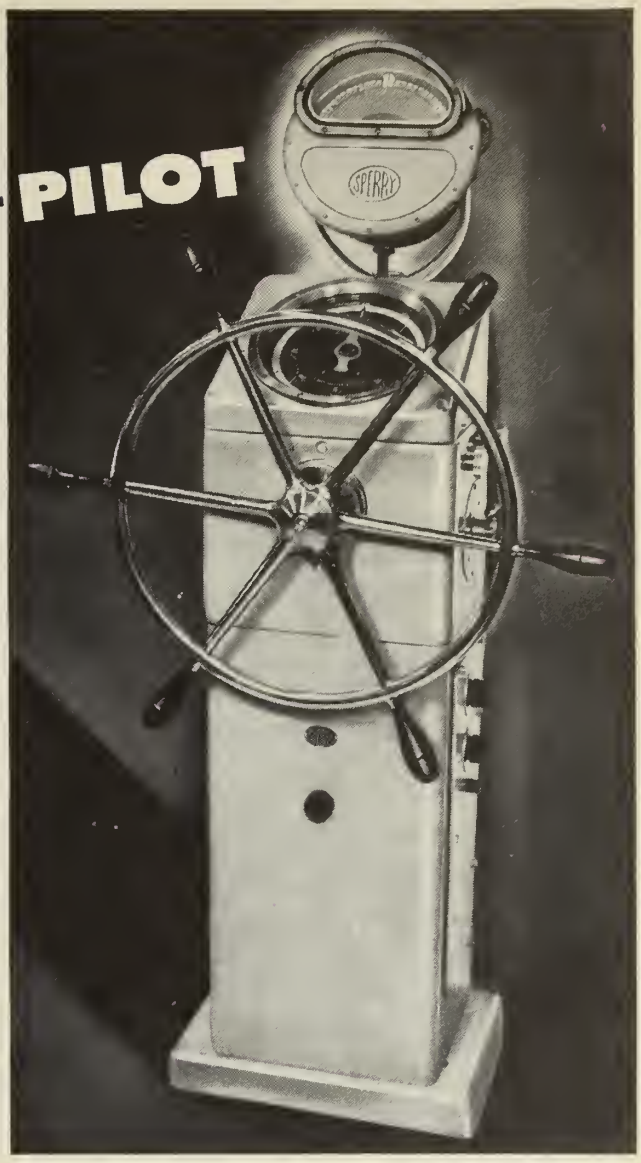

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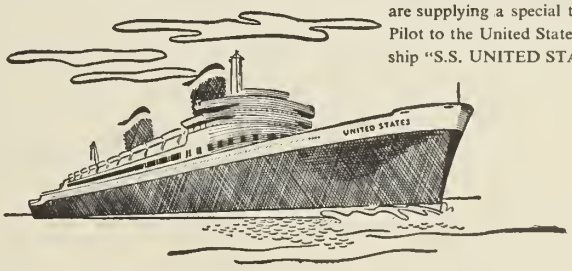

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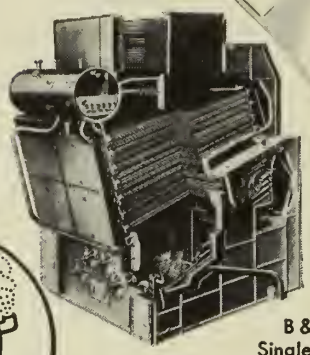

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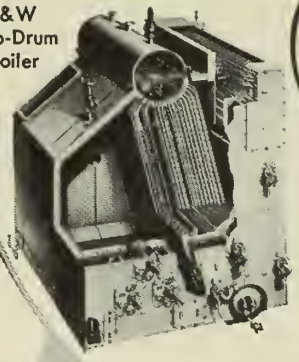

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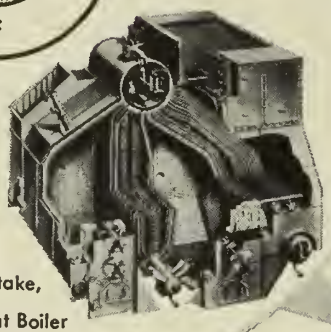

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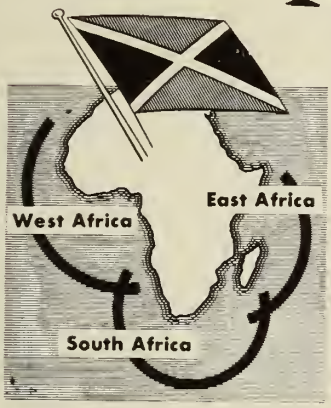

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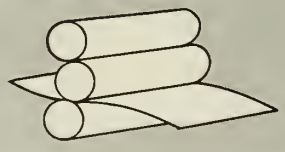

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